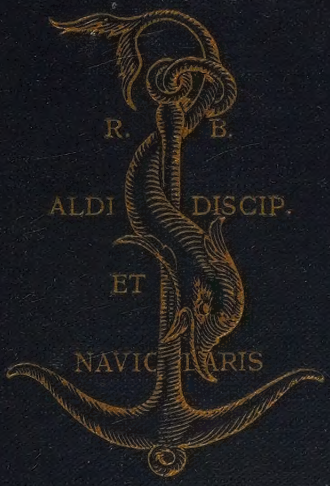
MY LOG

ROBERT BARRIE



Hommage au Châtelet !

J. Barrie

MY LOG

SINIBALDI'S STUDIO.

From the painting by himself.

MY LOG

BY

ROBERT BARRIE

PHILADELPHIA

THE FRANKLIN PRESS

1917

COPYRIGHTED BY
THE FRANKLIN PRESS
1917

TO THE

GOVERNOR

ON 8TH JULY, 1917, HIS

SEVENTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY

PREFACE

Some years ago, sitting in the little Hôtel Guillaume-le-Conquérant at Dives, I fell to wondering what sort of man David de Barri might have been, and what he had seen and done, and especially how he felt as he slipped out of the little river there with the Conqueror that September night nearly nine centuries ago. How I wished that he, and occasionally others of the generations that came after him, had kept a log.

I have tried, in the midst of a busy life, to do what I wished they had done. And I have found that although, as the wise old Romans put it, *Dulce est meminisse*, it is not easy to write the plainest log of the simplest life. I think that most readers, if they read through these pages, will feel in sympathy with Emerson, who, in his essay on Shakespeare, hits the nail very cleverly on the head when he says, "we tell the chronicle of a man's parentage, birth, birthplace, schoolmates, earning money, marriage, publication of books, celebrity, and death, and when we have come to the end of this gossip we know as little of the real person as before." I offer this as an apology for all the defects of my little book, for it shows how really difficult the thing is.

R. B.

La vie est brève;
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de rêve
Et puis—bonjour!

La vie est vaine;
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de haine
Et puis—bonsoir!

Our life is vain;
A little play,
A little pain,
And so—Good day!

Our life is brief;
A little light,
A little grief,
And then—Good night!

"GREAT-GRANDFATHERS LUCKY ENOUGH TO TOUCH HANDS WITH GREAT-GRANDSONS."

I

ANCESTRY

ALTHOUGH it is the fashion to-day to look upon pride of descent as an empty and foolish pretension, and this it is when it is carried to excess, it cannot be denied that this very human weakness is a trait that has existed in all races that have had a civilization and a history. A reasonable interest in our ancestry should not lead to snobbery. Of course, there is no need to go into raptures, like Gibbons, over the fact that our ancestors were honest people. But an interest in where we came from and how we got a name surely is not an unpardonable folly, for Marcus Aurelius devoted the whole first book of his *Meditations* to his ancestors, and toward the end of it thanked the gods that *almost all* of them were persons of probity. Carlyle's Teufelsdröckh discussed the subject of family names in a couple of pages and came to the conclusion that they are of importance and significance as being the earliest garment we wrap about ourselves. Amusing myself looking up the history of the very early clothing of the Barries I found, after going through various forms, that it appears as Barri at the time of the

Conquest, and that David won great lands in Wales as a reward for his services, and that his son married Angareth, daughter of that Nesta who was the most beautiful woman of her time and beloved of Henry I; and that their son, Sir Robert Barri, accompanied Fitz-Stephen at the conquest of Ireland and acquired great lands, so that his family became known as "Barrach-More"—the great Barrys. This nickname suggested the title when Charles I created them earls of Barrymore, just as the motto *Boutez-en-avant* had given the hint when the head of the house of Barri had been created Viscount Buttevant. They built Barry Court and were the ancestors of, or at least gave their names to, all the Barrys of Ireland.

Only one Barri, Giraldus, who stayed in Wales and was three times elected bishop of St. David's but failed to be consecrated,—perhaps because he had the cheek to ridicule Henry the Second's little round head and big round belly and lash his licentiousness and duplicity,—kept the wished-for log—and it is a tiresome one of a journey he made to and through Ireland, which can still be seen in the Vatican, where Gerald had jested and gossiped with Innocent III, greatest of popes. He also wrote an account of Wales, but he was an exception, for they were not of studious bent. There were other sailors among them; *vide* Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Barrie, C.B., K.C.H., who commanded a squadron in the Chesapeake in 1814. And there were some wild blades in the family: among them, one of the earls of the eighteenth century,

an intimate of the Prince of Wales, who, among other extravagances, kept a private theatre. And, worst of all, there was the reprobate Guillaume, Comte de Barri, who sold to a king for his mistress, the name and the demi-otter and the motto, when he married Jeanne Vaubernier and left her at the church door.

How the name made its way to Scotland is curious. Sir Robert, who went to Ireland with Fitz-Stephen, had an eldest son who was passed over in the succession because he was a deaf-mute. This poor fellow went to Scotland, and only left his mark there, so far as I know, in Barry Hill, in Forfarshire, but no doubt he was the ancestor of all the Scots who spell their name Barrie, including the present Sir James, born in Forfarshire, who has added to the reputation of the name, so that it is now known even among ticket sellers in the theatres.

I am a firm believer that environment has much more effect on man and woman than heredity has, and that, with the possible exception of an apparently inborn love for the sea and being more contented when sailoring, the lives of those who lived before me have had little influence on mine. One little fact in this connection may, however, be of interest to those who believe in a former existence and who make a study of such things: on several occasions when deep in meditation and without conscious direct thought, or the fact would be without value, the sense has come upon me that I was living in the eighteenth century and wore a sword which

I had used or was about to use. This has always happened when walking alongside a high wall in Europe, and always, also, about sunset. Perhaps it was simply that I was dreaming while awake, but here's the fact for what it is worth to the scientist. I have never had any other hallucinations—so far as I am aware. One point that adds to the interest is that, within my knowledge, no forbear wore a sword in Europe in the eighteenth century, so that there had been nothing of this kind to influence my mind.

My mother, Margaret Graham Glass, a woman with a passion for fishing, was descended on one side from a grandfather, John Glass, who was a manufacturer of jute in Dundee; on the other side her grandfather was John Leck, provost of Gorbas, whose wife was Lady Mary Drummond. My mother's parents were Mary Drummond Leck, born at Gorbas in 1811, and Alexander Glass, born at Forfar, in Fife, in 1807. I remember him as a tall, stately old man with an air and a manner: he was a Burgess of Glasgow, and they entertained the Lord Provost, and his Lady *forbye*, at high tea on occasions.

My father, George Barrie, was descended on one side from Samuel Barrie, a fairly well-to-do farmer and breeder of horses, and his wife, Jean Bell, of Bell's Hill, Uddingstone, Bothwell Parish, Lanarkshire, who were his great-grandparents, and before them from a John Barrie, also a farmer, living in 1690. On the other side his ancestors were a long line of lairds—the Hills of Fifeshire—who

MATER AND THE GOVERNOR—IN THE BEZIQUE AGE.

stretched away back still further into the past. All these were known by heart to my paternal grandmother, Elizabeth Hill, who would gossip away about them as though people of the seventeenth century were still in our midst. She had married Robert Barrie, born 1806, who died before I was born, and after whom I was named.

This grandmother was a great old lady, of iron constitution, who used to tell us how she had been punished, as a child, for scampering barefooted out of the house into the snow. Born in 1807, she remembered the bellman crying the news of the Battle of Waterloo and other similar old-time events. She had a most vivid memory. One New Year's night after the healths of those in the old country had been repeatedly drunk in champagne she, then almost ninety, laughingly saying that I was the only real gossip in the family, gave me the names and life histories of men and women of the family who in some instances must have lived nearly three hundred years ago. How much nearer we can bring the past to us in this way. The Battle of Hastings seems much more like a real event when we recall that ten men, each lucky enough to have lived to hold, in succession, the hand of his grandson, would form a bridge that would put us in touch with the Conquest.

My father, a younger son, was for several years employed at, and later was in charge of, the Edinburgh branch of a London publishing house. In 1865 he came

to America to open branches at New York and Montreal, and it was in the latter place that I was born the next year. The panic of 1867 involved the London house in financial difficulties and the American branches were sold so as to save the London business. At the time this no doubt seemed a disaster to the young Scot, away off in what my mother looked on as a tropical land, but it was a blessing in disguise, for he was engaged by J. B. Lippincott, the publisher, of Philadelphia. Lippincott seemed to have liked him. Craige Lippincott once, while lunching with me at the club, told me his father had great faith in mine, and added: "he acted as wet-nurse to me on the first business trip I ever made." But there were other sons as well as Craige who were likely to succeed to the business, so my father was on the lookout for an opportunity to get into business for himself, and in 1873 opportunity knocked. He was awake; and some *kudos* in the shape of medals and diplomas, and some worldly goods, are the result.

The Governor, in the more orderly way of the nineteenth century, was just as much of a gentleman-adventurer as were those old fellows who crossed the Channel with William or the Irish Sea with Fitz-Stephen, for he risked his fortunes, if not his life, just as they did. He had not been long in business when, among other similar ventures, he made an arrangement with William Edgar Marshall, a talented painter and the greatest engraver America has ever produced, for a

large portrait of Longfellow. Marshall tells about it in his reminiscences:

"Longfellow was a poor sitter. I was a long time painting his portrait. He was not much of a talker, but there was a fellow by the name of Green who was always with him; he talked enough for the two. One of the most entertaining men I ever knew, Green was. Talked all the time. Never gave Longfellow a chance to say anything.

"I got $10,000 for the engraving, but Barrie, of Philadelphia, who was my publisher, borrowed the portrait and kept it twenty years. Only a few years ago Captain Nathan Appleton, brother-in-law of Longfellow, asked me what had become of the original.

"I then remembered that I had loaned it to Barrie. I wrote him for it and he sent it the next day. He had kept it so long, he said, that he thought it belonged to him."

Again, at a time when forty thousand dollars was a great deal of money he risked it making the plates alone for an elaborate work on the W. K. Vanderbilt collection, then the finest in the country. It was perhaps symptomatic of the thrifty Dutch temperament that Vanderbilt did not buy a single copy of the work; on the contrary, before giving his consent he stipulated that he should have, gratis, twenty-four of the most expensive copies for distribution to his friends, explaining one evening, over a bottle of claret and some cheese in the gallery: "Barrie,

people think I am rich, but there are times when I am pushed for ready money."

At another time, when seventy thousand was still a good deal to risk in one book, he invested it making a single set of plates. He did the same sort of thing a great many times; in fact, with the exception of the great encyclopædias, few, if any, greater single ventures in publishing have been made. And like the great reference works such ventures were not always commercial successes. The Governor, as a publisher, was an enthusiast with a vision—and often these visions were expensive, for it is not always the most worthy things that pay in publishing—and he never lacked courage. As a man, he showed courage of a rarer sort when he risked sending a boy of sixteen off around the world.

MILLPORT BAY.

"THE GARRISON," MILLPORT.

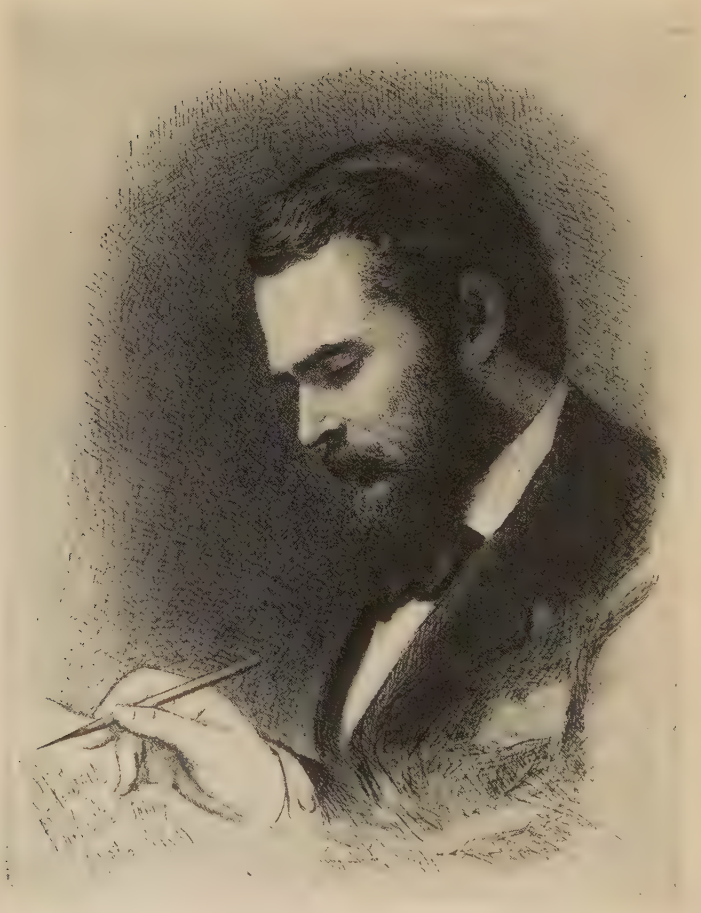
II

YOUTH

It feels dangerously like being a link with a past age to recall to mind the 'seventies when I ate buffalo meat, when derricks were just beginning to appear above the fence that surrounded City Hall square and strings of mules pulled freight cars along the railroad tracks on Market Street in Philadelphia, and we bought canoes and bows and arrows from Indians encamped under the twisted cedars at Atlantic City. My earliest recollection of Philadelphia is that of being taken by my father one Sunday morning, when he wanted to get some business papers, to the quaint old house on the south side of Sansom Street east of Eighth, where he first had his business. As we were coming away we met John Sartain, the engraver, who still lived in the old house next door and who was, I think, the Governor's landlord. I was presented to him: he, a link with an earlier age, seemed to me a kindly man, but very, very old. As this was in 1874 or 1875 and Sartain, born 1808, lived to near the end of the century, my young eyes must have deceived me as to his age.

Then there is the remembrance of the May day in 1876 when the Centennial Exposition was opened and I stood by my father's side and watched Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, another link with the past, and Mrs. Pedro, and President Grant parade along the main aisle. What impressed me most at the time, and which seemed of more importance than any of the notables, was the way in which the Brazilian guard of honor changed step, all together, every five or six steps, apparently in accord with the music of their band, in a very peculiar fashion. Dom Pedro afterward came to my father's exhibit, ordered a copy of the book on the exposition that the Governor published, and left an autograph, which I got.

Those were the days when, in my innocence, I thought that Anthony Drexel's wealth was ill-gotten because I was told that his father had sold lottery tickets—in my boyhood days only recently made an illegal affair. Days when, if I went down to the office on Saturday mornings to ride on the old-fashioned elevator, there would be lunch at Guy's, where the cooking was the best in the city and notables were to be seen in the upper room; or I might carry a message for my father to Thomas P. White, or John G. Johnson, or C. Stuart Patterson,—the last was his friend as well as his counsellor,—or best of all, across the way to the type foundry, where Mr. Jordan would let me watch the work. Once there was a message to George W. Childs, who sat me down in his private office, full of autographed portraits of celebrities, while he wrote



STEPHEN J. FERRIS.

From the portrait etched by himself in 1880.

a presentation inscription in a copy of his memoirs that he gave me to take to the Governor—those memoirs with the pages so full of "I" that they should be a warning to me to abandon this attempt at once.

Among others met at the office on those Saturdays was old Stephen Ferris, the painter and etcher, who etched many plates for the Governor. Born in 1834, he was still another link with the past. He told me he had made portraits when he was ten, and began to be paid for them when he was fifteen, that he had painted and drawn over two thousand, for one of which, that of Fortuny, he won in a competition the curious prize of a portion of the velvet that covered Fortuny's catafalque in Rome in 1874 and his palette and brushes. There were young fellows who made drawings for illustrations for the Governor, one of whom, a lanky, but talented youth, who made a great many, did not attract me, but who, in spite of my indifference, in after years turned out famous, was Joseph Pennell. Edwin Abbey also made drawings for the Governor, but if I ever saw him he made no impression on me.

The heat and mosquitoes made Philadelphia just as horrible to my mother as the upper Amazon in summer would be to me, so she used to go "home" each summer. My very earliest recollection is that of a great storm on one of these voyages. My mother told me that on this trip she was the only lady in the first class saloon and that I was the pet of the officers. Some

shadowy recollection exists of my being carried into the pantry and set down in a great drawer of loaf sugar, but this may be only an impression gained from hearing her tell about it.

Certainly my pleasantest recollections of early days are of these holidays. They were generally spent on the west coast of Scotland in places on the Firth of Clyde; often in a little stone cottage, owned by my mother's aunt, at Millport, on the Island of Cumbrae, sacred to the memory of the spunky old Scots minister who always prayed for the welfare of the inhabitants of the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.

This little cottage still stands, or did, not very long ago, not far from "The Garrison," Lord Bute's house, where the mill-stream empties into the bay. Here my grandfather sat by the fire in his old oak chair, the high back of which was like that of a settle; here I ate porridge with a horn spoon for the first time; here sailboats were made for me; and from here happy parties went fishing in the long summer gloamings. Sometimes my father would stop here on his way to or from the Continent, but fishing had no great charms for him. Those were intensely happy days, and when my thoughts turn to childhood I instinctively turn to Scotland and not to Philadelphia, which seemed humdrum and commonplace in comparison.

These delightful summers came to an end about 1880 in this way: My mother, grandmother, two younger brothers, one a baby, and I were on board the *Anchoria*

bound for the happy land, when directly after lunch on a foggy Sunday, the second day out, I came on deck and had just reached what in those days was called the hurricane deck when a steamer, west bound, light, and consequently very high out of water, loomed up to starboard and almost instantly crashed into us just forward of the bridge; she cut into us as far as amidships and then swung around and lay grinding alongside. I was not very far from the bridge and stood rooted to the spot until an officer came running aft and shouted to the other vessel: "Keep off, for God's sake, or we'll both go down!" Then I dashed aft after him, seeing a great jagged hole in her bow as she reversed away from us. Fighting my way against the crowd streaming up from below I got down to my mother and the collected family. Meanwhile, the ship lurched to starboard in a sickening way, and when we got on deck we had to hold on to things to avoid slipping to leeward on the slanting deck. I will never forget how the sight of hundreds of big floating cheeses in round, wooden boxes bobbing about in the sea, struck me, even in the excitement, as something comical.

There was a rush for the boats which were being lowered. I remember one officer, pistol in hand, dragging the silly crowd out of one unlaunched boat, and another officer with a hatchet hacking the arm of a big brute who refused to keep back. It was all very ugly and terrifying. Our little group stood together near a skylight; my mother very brave about it, and my grandmother as cool

as a cucumber. There was no weeping in our party until my mother said she would go down and get some wraps, as we would probably be some time in the boats; then, of course, we felt that the ship would sink with her below. She went, notwithstanding my protests, and I, of the mature age of thirteen, was left in charge. She seemed away an age but, of course, it could not have been more than a few minutes.

Fortunately, there was only a heavy swell and no wind and the boats on one side were launched without loss. There was a great list to starboard that made getting into the boats difficult and there was no gangway, and people had to get down by the tackles the best way they could. The baby of our party, George, was tossed down by a sailor to another sailor who stood up in one of the boats and by him was passed along into another boat. Meanwhile, my grandmother, who stood quietly by, having insisted that she was too old to get down and so kissed my mother good-bye, was helped by her and a couple of sailors over the rail and lowered by a rope into a boat. My mother followed her and disappeared in the crowded boat looking for the baby, and we afterward learned that she had to climb into another to get him.

While we stood waiting our turn there were occasional splashes as people "plopped" into the water. There was plenty of cursing and banging of boats and oars. The deck kept getting nearer the water, so that finally we got on the outside of the rail near a newly launched boat

THE OLD ELM AND THE "YELLOW MANSION" ON WALNUT STREET.

which was aft and away from the crowd. My brother Alexander, aged nine, was dropped down to a sailor and with the help of a line I was able to get into the same boat. All this, of course, took place in less time than it takes to write it.

We were pushed to the bottom of the boat and told to keep down out of the way. And then a nasty thing happened. The only other person taken into that boat was a big bounder who actually, in the most theatrical way, jingled a bag of coin and in an excited way offered it to the boat's crew if they would put him on board the other steamer, now plainly in view, as the fog had cleared and the sun was shining brightly.

So off we went, although there was still a crowd on deck, and the other boats were rapidly being overloaded. We were the first to reach the other steamer, which proved to be the *British Queen*, westward bound and overdue. I don't know whether the bounder really gave the crew the money, but he was the first up the rope ladder and through a cargo port. Perhaps he had a wife and children and thought he was buying his life for them, but it was an awful exhibition.

We boys ran to the stern of the *Queen* and hung over the rail in an agony of suspense until the other boats came along. By the time they got over the gangway had been lowered and we stood by it excitedly looking into the boats for my mother and grandmother. Finally they arrived, in separate boats; the end of this to me was

a raging headache. The *Queen* had her forward compartments full of water but stayed by the *Anchoria*, which, with three compartments full, was yet able to proceed, and both vessels slowly made their way back to New York. The discomfort was awful: my mother got part of a cabin, but we two boys, when we could, slept on the floor of the saloon.

When we were back in New York I went to the dock with my father to gather up our things on the *Anchoria* and saw the great hole in her side big enough to drive a load of hay through. There was a place where two girls in the second class had been made prisoners in their room by the iron-plates which were crumpled back in such a way that the girls had to be rescued by chopping through a wooden bulkhead; they had a narrow escape. Strange to say no one was hurt except a plucky young bridegroom who held his wife in one arm and burned the flesh off his right hand as he slid down a rope into a boat.

This shipwreck made us abandon the summer trips; the Governor saying he would not again allow all the eggs to go in one basket. So we began to spend our summers in New England, where the rocky shores were the nearest approach to the Clyde my mother could find. There, at the Thimble Islands, I owned my first boats. I have told in another book all about the happy life there during six long summers and have paid tribute to the memory of my mother's brother Alec, who was a great sailor, traveller, and fisherman. I imagine all parents must appear in much

Carl Schurz

better light in the eyes of their children during summer vacations. It seemed so to me as a boy, and my mother certainly rose in my estimation and seemed much more like a comrade than a parent when she braved the seven miles to Faulkner's Island in a small boat to fish, and my father went up a notch when he rowed off to the little moored sloop and sat in it so that he could finish *Treasure Island* before we could get it away from him.

Recalling this feeling awakens thought of the very different way in which a boy and a man look at things, and I am reminded how one morning I had to insist that my own young son of seven or eight should wear a new hat his mother liked and he didn't, and how, in the evening at dinner, when diplomatic relations had been resumed and all was well in the world, I good naturedly but foolishly, borrowing from the witty French woman, said: "When you grow up you'll find that being a father is a difficult profession," and he took the wind out of my sails, but unconsciously gave me a valuable hint and established a permanent bond of sympathy and friendship between us, by flashing back, "An' so's bein' a boy."

If he lives a century he will never say a truer thing, for it has its difficulties. The problems of life appear so differently in the eyes of a son and of a father. I recall how, although I had never been punished by mine, I would much rather he had done so than embarrass me by having a bully who had beaten me summoned and bound over to keep the peace; yet I would probably be just as

indignant as he and do likewise in the same circumstances. I had, in a sordid effort to recover marbles snatched up by a big passing stranger, gallantly but indiscreetly, in single combat, boarded him and got a broken nose. Then came the justice's part. On another occasion, with the more laudable purpose of helping to defend one of my crowd against an overwhelming party of the enemy, I had it broken again. This time I was very glad there was no way to identify anyone.

Who can fathom the soul of a boy, even the boy himself if he knew enough to try to do so? If I had then undertaken to analyse the motives that led me to try to hide any mishap or misfortune I could no more have done so than I could have explained to myself why my mother and father seemed to me more interesting when I looked out of my window one Fourth of July morning and saw them on the lawn with General Frank Pargoud and his wife drinking a toast to the rising sun with *Vive le Quatre Juillet!* They had played bezique all night.

This old Confederate brigadier was born in Louisiana and still had a plantation there that gave him income enough to live and occasionally to go over to his beloved Paris. He was the first to arouse in me an interest in France. Poor old fellow! years after when I sent him a copy of *Cruises* his wife had died and he wrote: "It took me back to those happy years of yore, ever gone for me, when you were making your first attempts in sailing, which has since become an art for you. How things have

changed for me since, but their memory is as sweet, as dear, as ever; they are my life, my consolation. I remember everything, everyone—your dear parents, you, boys then, men now full of life, with a bright intellect, a cheerful home. I—old and alone!" When I think of all the mistakes in life that I have made I feel certain that he was wrong about the intellect.

Well, I couldn't play forever. After school the Governor wanted me to go to Oxford, but I thought if I were going into the business, the sooner I started the better. We compromised for a couple of years by my studying French and German part of the time and spending the rest of it in the office. Books had always interested me and publishing attracted me. Only once, when the Governor brought home to dinner a famous engineer who had built railways in South America and who told stories of adventure there, of earthquakes, and of tidal waves that wrapped ships in their anchor chains and laid them miles inland, did my interest in publishing weaken. Then I thought being a civil engineer must be interesting, but nothing came of it.

Another time he brought home to Sunday dinner Earl Shinn, whose Christian name gave the French a lot of trouble, who was going over to Paris for a year to do some writing and look after a lot of illustrations for the Governor. He, the son of a prosperous Philadelphia Quaker, had been a student under Gérôme, but was not successful because it turned out that he was absolutely

color-blind. Having failed as a painter he became a critic of painters; and a fairly successful one—at any rate, he was in demand with magazines and newspapers. My father was anxious to have me go with him and learn the work, but when I saw his *impériale* and Dundreary whiskers, flaring frock coat, brilliant red and orange tie, with a skull scarf pin in it, and the straight brimmed tile, such as Chase afterward wore, I thought to myself this man must be wicked; he will lead me astray. So I declined. I afterward, when I knew him better, learned how I had misjudged him.

As I neared my twenty-first birthday it was arranged that I was to have a bigger boat, and my mother and I had gone to Brooklyn and inspected the cutter *Surf*, and the Governor had set his teeth to pay the two thousand for her; then he staggered me by asking if I wouldn't rather spend the money going around the world. I tried to escape by saying I didn't want to go alone, but that if he would let my brother Al., four years my junior, go with me I'd go. He called my bluff, and it was arranged that we should spend about a year in Europe and then decide about the rest of it.

THE OLD BELLEVUE.

(Our favorite window was the one behind the head of the white leader).

Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Frazer.

III

WANDERJAHR

Europe, over thirty years ago, seemed much more foreign to boys of sixteen and twenty, who had sat every Wednesday in meeting at the old school chartered by William Penn, even although our provincialism had been tempered by summers in the old country, than I imagine it would to-day. Of course, being alone increased the sensation of being among strange peoples.

In Philadelphia when we were in the parade of carriages in the park we seemed to be part of a brilliant turn-out; how its magnificence seemed to pale and shrivel when we first drove in the Champs-Élysées and the Bois! From lunch in the café of the old brick Bellevue, with Larry McCormick or Baptiste standing by droning out the latest gossip, while haywagons lazily passed over the cobblestones down Broad Street on a sleepy spring day, to lunch at Marguery's with all the bustle, the voluble French, the four streams of fiacres, the rumble of the great three-horse omnibuses, the cracking of whips, and the never-ending stream of passers-by

so different in face and dress, was a contrast such as would not be noticed to-day.

How it has all changed! In 1884, when we first began walking the half block along Walnut Street, past the old elm and the yellow mansion, from the office to lunch it was as quiet as a country town. Crossing Broad Street then had no terrors. During the third of a century that I have made this same daily journey I have seen great buildings go up that would overshadow those of the boulevards. And there are daring spirits that claim that more motors pass that point in a day than at any other in the world.

In those days you bumped in a hack over the cobblestones of dirty West Street in New York and into a vile smelling shed, and when the old *Normandie* had wallowed over and set you down in the locks at Havre everything was so different—even the landscape, the quaint old streets with houses that seemed almost mediæval, the ships, the trains, the food, the people. Then the bitterness left by the Franco-Prussian war remained: some mischievous girls in the street thought we were Germans —and said so. Nowadays education and intercourse, brought about by travel, have made white people all over the world seem as though cast in pretty much the same mould and progress has wiped out many of the differences that used to exist in the appearance of cities. I acknowledge that age does make a difference, for recently I was rather annoyed and felt rather "done" to find the

CAROLUS-DURAN.

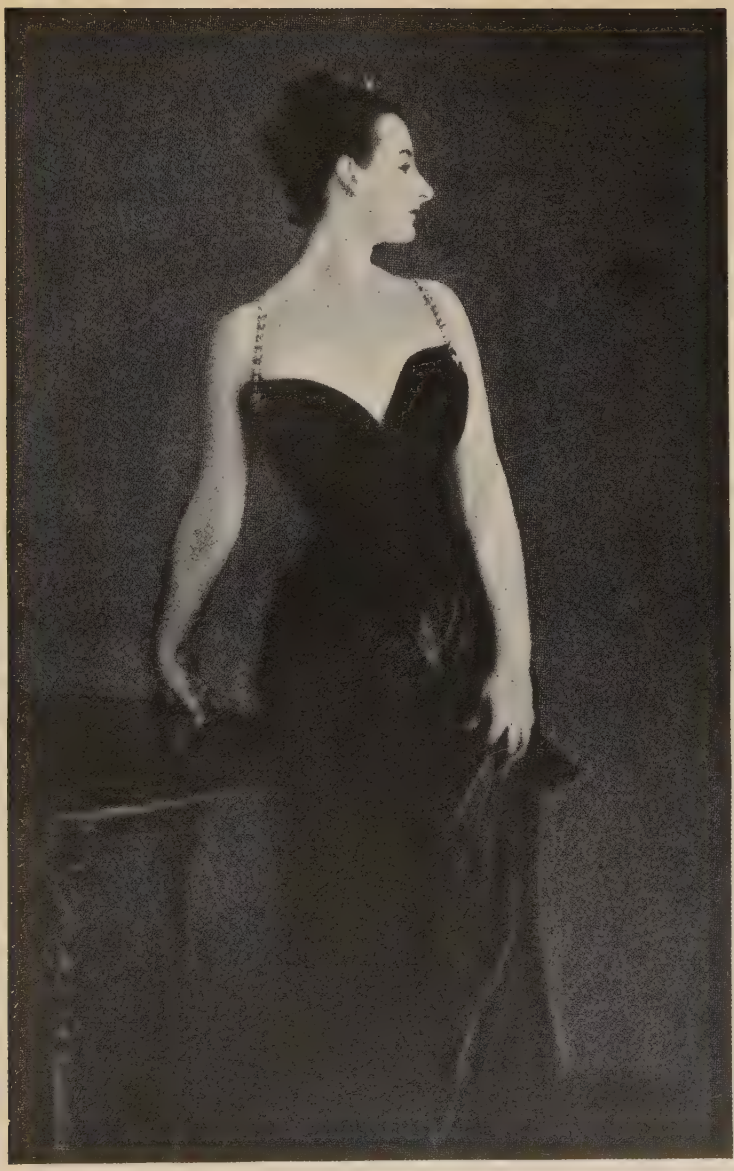
Street of the Red Sea, up in the old part of Algiers, aroused only mild interest.

And we found other things were so different. Sundays for example. At home in the morning the massive table for at least six, the flowers and the battery of silver, the fruit, the strong coffee with rich cream, the broiled chicken, and the waffles. My mother was a great housekeeper but also a wily woman: somebody, after a breakfast like that, had to please her by occasionally going to church. Over there the little bare table for two with the miserable *café-au-lait.* Well, to even up matters, the only time we went to church was a sunny Sunday morning spent peacefully reading newly arrived *Ledgers* and *Heralds*, lying at ease on the top of one of the towers of Notre-Dame.

At home there was the dinner at two o'clock and a supper at night; and although we were far from Puritanical there certainly weren't any dinner parties on Sunday nights. The first time we dined out formally at a private house over there was on a Sunday. Octave Uzanne, a clever writer of frivolous books and, next to Carolus-Duran, whose cousin, Maurice de Brunoff, introduced me to him some years later, the greatest poseur I ever met, was the lion of the evening; and there was a young lioness invited, as it presently appeared, especially as an attraction for him. She was an expatriated American, very dashing and beautiful, of a type that was then made the fashion by that Madame Gauthereau whose

portrait was painted by Sargent and by Courtois, a brilliant talker, very décolleté, as décolleté went in those days, and most artistically enamelled. She and Uzanne had some fun with my French and saw risqué jokes in it—well, there are many pitfalls in a language that uses the same word for host and guest and in which an *le* for a *la* makes such a difference. Our jolly old *hôte*, Émile Terquem, did not laugh until I put Gil Blas on a *moule* instead of on a *mule*, and then he explained so that I could join in the laugh. He laughed and joked with the expatriated one in a bantering way, while her French husband devoted himself seriously to our hostess. If it had been a week night the champagne, the gaiety, and the enamel might not have seemed so unusual.

All this seemed very French and, with the novels in mind, I scented a romance. Well, afterward it turned out that there had been one, and, by the way, the only serious one, so far as I can recollect, that I ever came across in France. Some years later, in the *salle des fêtes* of the casino of Cabourg, I again met the husband with his lovely and refined daughter, who had just finished her education in England. Old Émile whispered to me not to speak of the wife—she had run away. Not with Octave, however, as I was afterward told. The next day as we were all at déjeuner—a magnificent langouste with mayonnaise and *cidre de Normandie*—in the villa garden under the trees it seemed to me as I watched the man that under his apparent cheerfulness there was the heavy



SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF MADAME GAUTHEREAU.

mark of tragedy, but I thought to myself that he still had the gay and happy girl. God help him! A few years more and I learned that she had followed in her mother's footsteps and had eloped with a man who could not marry her.

This little *histoire* does not mean that I think Sunday night dinners in Paris, or anywhere else, lead down the broad path to destruction, or that more tragedies of the sort occur in France than elsewhere. Perhaps it was then thought that they did there, but nowadays there is no need to go abroad to run across them.

In those days we found that plenty of Europeans expected Americans to be strange sort of people, and their ways and manners to be different. Europe had not been invaded by hordes of English and Americans as in these days. France and Italy were accustomed to seeing the English, but even in Berlin and Vienna people in the streets seemed to find something different in us, and in Prague and Buda-Pesth they would often turn and stand looking after us. The boot was on the other foot there, and it was we who were the objects of curiosity.

And this feeling that we were the foreign people was not confined to the lower classes. In Holland when we visited, at Apeldoorn, old Mr. Van Gelder, a privy councillor and head of a firm that had been making paper for two hundred years, and he took us to the club to meet the old king, it was the young American gentlemen who were the subject of interest. And when, at

Amsterdam, we dined with his son and his charming young wife, and their boys came in to have desert, the boys were disappointed in us, and one, who afterward was a page at the young queen's wedding, said, with evident regret, that we looked just like Dutchmen. They had expected redskins, or, at least, Buffalo Bills.

Now it is otherwise. Recently, when we visited them at their interesting old country place "*Die Hartenkamp*," near Haarlem, formerly the property of a British Ambassador who had entertained Linnæus there, these same youths, educated at Oxford, said they found us just like people of their own class and country. And my wife and girls said that a party of girls and young men we saw there were in no way, either in manners, looks, or dress, different from those that would be seen in a similar party at home.

So the greater foreignness that we boys felt was not merely apparent, but real.

Armed with letters of introduction that carried us across Europe and would have taken us to Madame de Bakhmetoff at Moscow if there had been time, we wandered about for nearly a year. How it comes back to me! On the long film of memory the cathedrals, the palaces, churches, and galleries are blurred and dim compared with the bright sharp pictures of life in Paris—Paris of the 'eighties when Général Boulanger was in the saddle and every band and orchestra was playing "*En revenant de la Revue!*"; and the doings of the divine Sarah, among

"*DIE HARTENKAMP*," FORMERLY THE PROPERTY OF GEORGE CLIFFORD, BRITISH AMBASSADOR, WHERE LINNÆUS, HIS GUEST IN 1736–1738, WROTE *HORTUS CLIFFORDIANUS*.

HOME.

her other pranks being photographed alive in her coffin, were the gossip of the cafés on the boulevards; when "toppers" were in vogue and I wore my first; and when the cart with the hot water told everyone in the street that a citizen was going to take a bath.

Those were the days when mirrors shattered by bullets of the Commune could be seen in the little restaurant on the rue St.-Honoré where we lunched, and in the Grand Hôtel, then still new, two or three hundred people would sit down at long tables at the same time and be served *à la russe* to a true "host's table" such as is never seen nowadays, when *table d'hôte* has lost its true significance; when the *bal de l'Opéra* was in its prime; when I could stand on the Pont Sully and watch, astounded, a victoria with two men in the tops on the box drive up before the statue of Henri IV and a tall Frenchman with Van Dyke beard, all in black and with wide mourning band on his hat, spring out and stand cursing and shaking his fist at the statue of *bon* Henri. Those were the days when the *Quartier Latin* was the peaceful Bohemia where Du Maurier was to place his Trilby and her three musketeers of the brush, instead of the feverish *fin-de-siècle* one where, in later years, the artist's *cortège allégorique*, with Sarah Brown, the beautiful model with true Titian hair, clothed only in mock jewels, was to raise a riot.

And then London—London of the days when we went, as was the fashion, down the Thames through the miles of ships to Greenwich and had whitebait dinner at

"The Ship," and lunched with old Mr. Merry, of *Punch*, at the club, and met old friends of the Governor, and haunted the theatres. And there are pictures of loafing around the yacht builders, and swimming, and sailing at Cowes; of the waving floor of our bedroom in the old "Mitre" at Oxford; the *Great Eastern* and the ships on the Mersey, the rope bridge at Carrick-a-Rede; sailing and fishing in Scotland; lying in bed in the observation hut on top of Ben Nevis while our clothes dried and the ham and eggs were sizzling; rambling through the Stadtheatre at Leipsic, behind the curtain, above and below the stage, and in the property rooms; the trip down the Danube; the gipsy violinist and the Hungarian who spoke English with an Irish brogue; old Queen Victoria, at Aix, with her red face and black cap, and John Brown in his kilts tucking the lap robe about her; the Empress Eugénie in a very dashing victoria at Naples; the everlasting honey and chocolate of Switzerland; the saucy girl in the Hofbrauhaus at Munich; pottering along the Riva in Venice watching the queer little vessels with the Greek names; or kicking our heels for three days in Trieste while the *bora* blew itself out. I have been over often enough since, but the sensations have never been the same.

All this sounds as though we had simply idled about, whereas, as a matter of fact, we spent a good deal of time studying the ways of the men of our trade. The Governor was a good customer of Lemercier and of Goupil in Paris and his relations with them were so close that

we were welcome. At Lemercier's old lithographing establishment in the rue Jacob we saw how lithography was done and, incidentally, saw Whistler, with the famous eyeglass and the pumps, but looking rather shabby and worn, fussing over some proofs and talking in a querulous way. When he was gone the man in charge threw up his hands in burlesque despair. There was even some talk of our taking positions in Goupils. Valadon, the junior partner, said we could begin at the foot, but Reid, a young Scot who had a position there, told us that Berne-Bellecour's son had done so and was wrapping packages. For several years the Governor had been making a good deal of money with intaglio photogravure plates, which were then a novelty, made by the Goupil firm. When we visited their workshops out at Asnières I met Charles Scribner there looking into a good thing.

Blackie's, of Glasgow, and Nelson's, of Edinburgh, were places full of hints for us. In London were many old trade friends of my father who gave us information and help. I there tried to "place," among other things, the two thick volumes of the autobiography of Samuel Gross, a celebrated Philadelphia surgeon who had had an interesting life covering the first three-quarters of the century, but the English publishers had their own celebrated surgeons with interesting careers, and, besides, in those days they rather looked down on American books over there. Since then I have succeeded in selling sheets to

them: things are different now. In Holland we gained knowledge of the paper industry. Berlin then had little to show, but Leipsic, Stuttgart, and Vienna were good hunting grounds for us.

So it was time well spent, and probably better education for fellows who had to earn their living at our trade than could have been had at Oxford.

THE *BAL MASQUÉ* IN THE 'EIGHTIES.

From the painting by Charles Hermans.

IV

A CARAVANSERAI—AND SOME OLD LETTERS

If the score of Austrian, Italian, and Greek gentlemen, who used their knives so freely the first night out on the tiny *Achille*, no longer recall with terror the three days' voyage as she staggered in the *bora* down the Adriatic, it must be because they have since had very great troubles—or are dead. I sympathized with them; very sincerely and truly; in fact, felt like Mark Twain who, when on Rogers' yacht in heavy weather in the West Indies, being asked by the sympathetic steward if there was anything he would like to have, replied that he would take a little island. If I had then been asked I would have said: "Make mine Corfu."

Its placid harbor filled with feluccas and tiny square-riggers from the other isles of Greece, the brilliant landscape, somewhat parched by a long summer and dry autumn, and the picturesque buildings of this miniature Gibraltar, which so much resembles the town of the Spanish Pillar of Hercules, struck me as something never

to be forgotten, like one's first Amalfi drive, for instance. To be sure, the market place, crowded with sellers of long white grapes, pomegranates, and nougat, had little to remind one of the golden age, but there were enough of Byron's lot, in the national costume with the white skirts, to satisfy us. The snow-clad mountains on the Albanian shore could be seen from the citadel and the little Hotel St. George offered refreshment for the weary mariners.

We knew that we had only ourselves to blame for not going and presenting our letter of introduction to the Hon. Walter Fearn at Athens, but there was still the thought that, being in Greece, we should have felt something of the spirit of the bygone ages. However, we got into the atmosphere and experienced the feeling that perhaps the shade of old Homer was hovering about that night as we passed within thirty yards or so of the island of Ithaka, black and silent as death as it lay in the shadow, while Cephalonia on our starboard, bathed in the strong moonlight, was cheerful with lights from the shepherds' houses.

What a change from the flashing blue sea and the sunny shores of the Morea to a foggy November morning as the ship creeps through the muddy waters into the harbor of Alexandria. And what a chilling disappointment to the heart full of hope that finds a long, low shore like that of New Jersey with a row of Dutch windmills where a string of camels should be, and a long shed

SARAH BERNHARDT PHOTOGRAPHED ALIVE IN HER COFFIN.

HER TOMB IN PÈRE LA CHAISE WHICH SHE HAD
BUILT YEARS AGO.

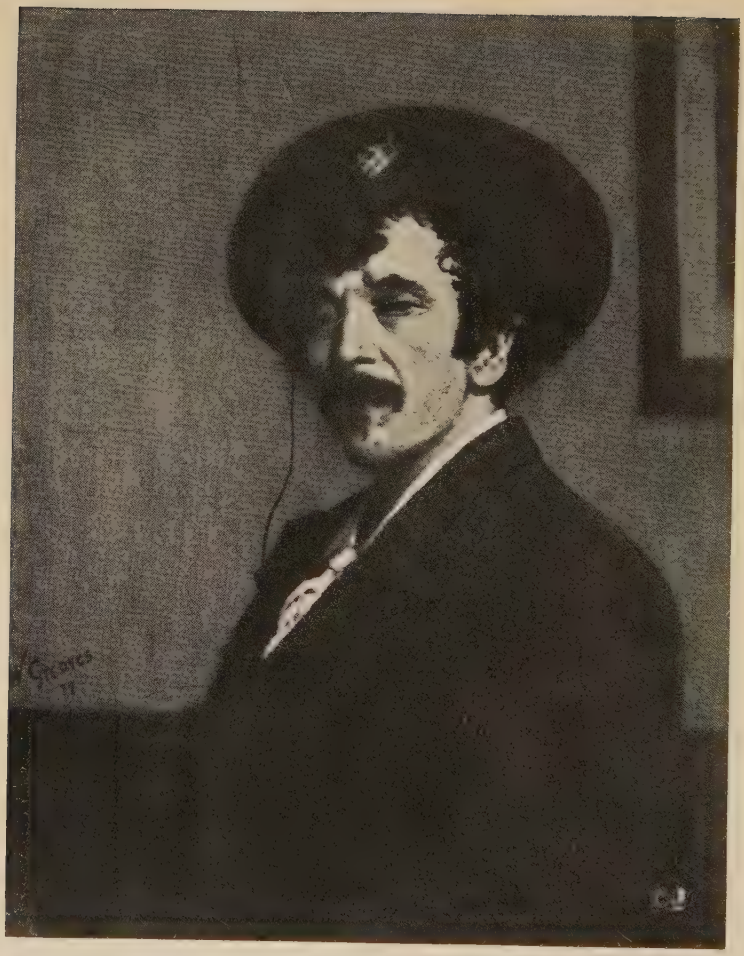
with "Petroleum Store House" in giant letters on its sides. But, like many persons we all know and like many of our own cities, Egypt shows her worst to the newcomer. Alexandria still showed the scars of Charley Beresford's bombardment, and there were still some of Arabi Pasha's unused shells in the forts. When I think of the vileness of the pretentious hotel I wonder there wasn't another revolt. The British were not popular: in a bazaar a native asked of our guide, "English?" The guide replied, "American," and the native grunted, "Good!" All, of course, in their own language.

For all I know motor-cars are now travelling along the road, lined with date palms, that parallels the railway to Cairo. Then there were long strings of camels with heavy loads, donkeys, blue-robed women, men in white, and children eating sugar cane. Perhaps steam plows now take the place of the primitive wooden ones drawn by oxen, or gasoline driven pumps raise the water from the ditches in place of wheels driven by almost naked men.

I once wrote forty pages about Cairo and what we saw and our adventures there, but, wiser then than now, I had the sense to destroy them. Now it is all an *olla podrida* in my mind—the bazaars, the mosques, the howling dervishes, the pyramids, the little Coptic church where Mary is supposed to have prayed, the shudder as the guide dropped the stone nearly three hundred feet down Joseph's well in the citadel, the Nile with the native craft, a sail in one to Bulâk, the ladies of the ex-Khedive's

harem in the palace garden on the island of Ghezireh, the expedition in the Mokattan hills, trips in the country, Island of Loda, Sâkâra, the newly found colossal statue of Ramses II, the tomb of Ti, the catacombs of the Bull-Apis at Serapeum, and the impassive sphinx. It was all intensely interesting, but I am glad I did it in my youth, for it was work, hard work, that helped later on to bring us both down with Egyptian fever that seems to have stayed in my blood ever since.

As I now remember it, the pleasantest part of it all was the life in Shepheard's Hotel. The wide flagstone terrace in front of the old, low building fronting a busy street where a long string of camels might be followed by a spick and span victoria with its gorgeous syce, and British redcoats mingled with white robed Arabs, was one of the most fascinating loafing places in the world. I got acquainted with an old habitué of this delectable spot who had lounged away on it the best part of *eight* visits to Cairo. He had never been to Sâkâra but was to go in a couple of weeks. I doubt if he was ever able to tear himself away. And I knew a Lord Esmé Gordon, then on his first visit to Cairo, who spent most of his time in a wicker chair on the terrace of this great caravanserai, where West and East meet, watching people come and go, in and out, and whose only exercise seemed to be occasional saunters out into the gardens at the back. Here was an entirely different aspect of Shepheard's. From the constantly shifting scene on the terrace, where



EARLY PORTRAIT OF WHISTLER.

Painted by his pupil and companion, Walter Greaves, whose father, a boat builder at Chelsea, had rowed Whistler about the Thames.

Reproduced by permission of the Toledo Art Institute.

a snake charmer might be beating a tom-tom or a conjurer wiping the blood of the boy in the basket from his sword, to the calm of these gardens, broken only by cries from the tennis court—"*vous êtes* ready?" "*Elle était* out!" "*C'est* game!"—was striking. We played, but in a languid way, and with a small Egyptian to hand us balls.

The building itself seemed almost to ramble about and was bare and ill-furnished, except for a multitude of divans scattered about in a haphazard sort of way, and the people in it took life in the same casual holiday-like spirit that had something unconventional and *al-fresco* about it—the sort of well-to-do *al-fresco* that allows white flannel trousers with dinner coats in the evening. There was no ceremony; no one stood upon dignity. Even the English shed their customary reserve. The Prince d'Orléans, sauntering along the upper hall in his bath-robe, apparently free from every care, stopped me in mine to gossip about a dog. And yet I am not exactly right about the lack of ceremony, for one day there was a great scurry and flurry when the prince, in frock coat and shiny hat, made a *visite de cérémonie* to the Khedive and the Khedive, with foaming and lathered horses, returned the visit almost before the prince was ready for him. The whole thing from start to finish was over in forty minutes.

During the month we were there we met, as people do in hotels, a nice old gentleman and his wife, who seemed to take a liking to us: it was rather a shock to our faith

in the idea that only in free America were people truly democratic to find that this kindly, unassuming pair, who were concerned when they learned that Al. had fever, were a noble lord and his lady. While we were both laid up Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ismay arrived from Venice on their way to India, and when Mrs. Ismay heard that two lonely boys were sick she came to our rooms and made the absolutely unnecessary excuse that she had boys of her own, and mothered us, and talked with the doctor, and ordered about the servants, and cheered us up, and helped to get us well. And while this was going on we sent daily cables to the Governor, and he, with a sinking heart, had to go home each evening and keep a cheerful countenance as though nothing was wrong.

This dear, kind woman took us under her wing and made her husband do likewise. He was a great big and great hearted Englishman, president of the White Star Line, "one in authority," with a great bunch of gold directors' seals in his hand bag, and when he knew that we had lost our steamship reservations, he said: "Never mind, come along with us, and we'll fix you up." And they kept us with them for nearly three months. We, of course, paid our own way, but they got us things money could not buy. I think we amused them. At any rate, in an old yellow, closely written four page letter, dated Mandalay,—a letter such as one gentleman sat himself down to write to another in the old days,—he tells the Governor "we found both your sons exceedingly pleasant

R. B. PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. B. ON THE BRIDGE OF THE BEARS, BERNE, 8 OCTOBER, 1887.

travelling companions; they were favorites with all they came in contact with and their presence added greatly to the enjoyment of our trip."

Among other old letters I find:

DAWPOOL,
THURSTASTON,
BIRKENHEAD.

DEAR BOB:

On our return from Ireland a few days ago we found two lovely water-color drawings awaiting us and feeling that they must have come from you, write to offer our best thanks for your beautiful present and your kindness in remembering us; they will be much appreciated and serve to remind Mr. Ismay and myself of our journeying together. We enjoyed our visit to Burmah and Southern India very much and often wished you and Al. had been with us. We rather expected you would have written saying as to how you got on in Japan and of your passage across the Pacific. I am sure you would find much to interest you there.

Mr. Bibby lunched with us a little time since. He has started again to winter abroad, sailing from Plymouth on the 19th of this month for New Zealand. We also saw Mr. Wolff when in Belfast, he was very well and in good spirits as ever. He intends staying home this cold weather.

Our eldest son is to be married on the 4th of December to Florence Schieffelin and they hope to leave for Liverpool on the 12th. He is anxious to bring his wife home to spend Christmas with us. Mr. Ismay will, if his many business engagements will allow of it, go to New York for the wedding, but the season is too bad for me to cross, or I should much have liked to be present,

however, we much look forward to welcoming them here.

Liverpool is to be quite gay this week owing to the Channel Fleet being in the Mersey and the officers are to be entertained both at private and public balls, to several of which we are going and taking our eldest daughter who has only just finished her education.

Please remember us most kindly to Al., also to your father and mother, and hoping you are all well, believe me,

Yours sincerely,
M. Ismay.

And again:

My Dear Bob:

Thank you so much for your kind letter which I received about December 20th. I scarcely know how to thank your mother for sending such a beautiful book—it has been so much admired. We have had our house full of friends during Christmas and all our children are at home with the pleasant addition of our eldest son's bride, and I am pleased to tell you we all like her very much and she has made a most favorable impression, and has endeared herself to us.

The new steamer *Teutonic* was successfully launched on the 19th of this month and will probably make her first trip about the end of May. Mr. Ismay hopes to go out in her and it is just possible our eldest girl and myself may also go, but of this I am not sure, for if the other children should be at home for their holidays I would not like to leave.

Our good friend Mr. Wolff left for Egypt three weeks since; he did intend going to Ceylon

SHEPHEARD'S AS IT IS TO-DAY.

but at the last moment changed his plans. You will possibly see him in America during the spring for he intends to be one of the party on board the *Teutonic* on her first passage.

I had a letter from Mr. Bibby on Saturday, he found it so cold in New Zealand so on landing took a passage to Rio where he hopes to find warmth. His plans from there are not fixed but he thinks either by the West Indies to the States or down to Buenos Ayres—how strange it would be if we were all to meet in America.

Mr. Ismay joins me in kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Barrie, Al., and yourself. With all good wishes for a "Happy New Year."

Yours sincerely,

M. Ismay.

And she wrote telling me how sorry she was that she could not come over to my wedding. Certainly those were the good old days when people had time to write gossipy letters.

I lunched with Mr. Ismay on the new ship when she made her maiden voyage and he urged me to go back on her as his guest, but business prevented. Thank God! the fine old fellow did not live to know of the loss of the *Titanic*.

The Times of India evidently thought that voyage of the P. & O. *Peshawur*, on which Mr. Ismay got for us, from one of the officers, a fine airy stateroom up by the bridge, was an unusually gay one, for it devoted several columns to an account of it. She was a funny old ship with a long saloon, with cabins entered from it, ventilated

only by skylights and by Lascars working punkas, but she and her commander were popular. The Viceroy's sister, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, Lady This and Lady That, a brace of native princes, and a native princess who taught me some Hindustani, were on board. The officers were a fine lot; and the commander was a great "Buffalo Bill" and the chief officer an excellent "Clown" in the fancy dress ball. And there were sports, charades, concerts, and minstrels. As the only Americans on board we were thought to be something unusual and met everybody. It did not seem very hot, but every night, about twelve, stewards laid long rows of mattresses on the after deck under the awning and fellows not so lucky as ourselves slept on them. The poor women must have suffered in the morning as they were not expected on deck before eight.

With the Ismays was Gustave Wolff, shipbuilder of Belfast, and at Suez they found on board another friend, Edward Bibby, of Liverpool, the son of a man who had made a fortune with the Bibby Line of ships. He had the unruffled air and all the graces of his class, he was never hurried, yet he was the most active man-of-leisure I have ever known. He had been to India several times. We were friends at once, but it was not until we were in Calcutta that I learned that he was supposed to be a confidential, yet unofficial and volunteer representative of the queen. We were constantly together for over two months, but during that time I never heard a word from

EDWARD BIBBY.

him that would lead one to suppose that this was so. I did notice in India that invitations that we got came through him and that when we shook hands with princes, or rode their elephants, he was the god behind the machine.

He was always immaculately dressed and well groomed, but he was not a dandy, and he had twice gone home over the Himalayas. It was characteristic of him that at the end of one of these journeys he was so ragged and disreputable looking that when the captain of the little steamer that took him across the Caspian Sea sent word that he could not be allowed to come to the dinner table, Bibby astounded him by appearing in a suit of very thin evening clothes that he had taken over the roof of the world rolled up in a little copper cylinder.

He and Al. became very chummy. I suppose at first because they were both particular about their clothes—Al. admired his. And Bibby liked Al.'s Americanisms—how he used to brag that Al. had addressed the Duke of Montrose the first time with, "Say, duke." Bibby's old letters for years after are full of inquiries about him—asking how he is, and why doesn't Al. write, and another time regretting that he missed him in London, and in another raging because Al. didn't leave his address the second time he passed through London—"What a fellow Al. is! I have been unable to find him, although I went the day after to 'round all the big hotels. I shall be 'real savage' if I don't see him." And finally he becomes sarcastic:

The English Club,
Mustapha Superior,
Algeria,
March 3, 1891.

My Dear Bob:

I have just got your letter forwarded from England and can assure you that my congratulations are not the less sincere because they are late. Good luck to you both—all our friends have been getting married last year except myself and nobody will take pity on a poor old man like me.

I went out to India as usual for the winter and was then persuaded to come on here with some cousins of mine. I like the place very much but we have all been laid up with colds. There are some "awful" Chicago people stopping at the hotel—about as bad as you make them. I think they would even beat the English bounders on the continent.

If your brother is still alive remember me to him. I will send you a wedding present when I get back to London which I hope you will accept from

Yours ever,
Edward Bibby.

And in another: "Give my best love to Al. I often think of our morning's visit to the Taj—he was the only one who properly appreciated the sight of the world. Bye, bye, yours ever."

This last about the Taj is a dig at me: Bibby would not let any of the party go to see it the first day we arrived, insisting that it must first be seen in the early morning. He, and Al., and I went *very* early the next

morning and I did not appreciate it as they thought I should. Well, I was hungry and wanted my breakfast.

He was an indefatigable traveller: all his letters are written when he is just in from somewhere or just going somewhere—Norway, Vienna, Buenos Ayres, India, India, and again India. His last letter told me that he had been pitched out of a London hansom on to the top of his head, and that he was getting all right; but I never heard from him again. He was a gallant gentleman.

V

EAST OF SUEZ

At the end of this gayest of voyages, as I stood at the rail, like the other fellows in overcoat over pajamas, with teacup in hand, and watched the sun rise over Bombay Island I felt excited, but also depressed, for I naturally thought that all the friends we had made would, of course, go off about their own affairs, and I rather dreaded the mysterious land that was going to swallow us up. It was the fear of the unknown.

But Norman and Howard McCorquodale, sons of a great printer in Lancashire, a few years older than ourselves, known on the ship as "The Crocodiles," said they were going to stay at Watson's, as we had planed; and Bibby said we must come and breakfast with him at the Byculla Club, which turned out to be one of *the* clubs of the world, where in a great open room birds fluttered about and even ate off our plates. Then Wolff had us in his luncheon party at the Yacht Club, which had only two yachts that race together Saturday afternoons for the benefit of the three hundred members, and where ladies sit on the broad verandas and watch the mail-boat

go out—after which all business in Bombay ceases until the next mail arrives on Tuesdays. After that the party all went in a launch to see the curious temple cut in the solid rock on the island of Elephanta. So that by dinner time Bombay seemed a very cheerful place.

"Patrons are requested not to beat the servants," read a sign in the hotel. We didn't need to, for, like all our friends, we engaged a private body-servant. Dahara was a great tall imposing bewhiskered Mohammedan in flowing white robe and pink turban two feet tall, who called us *Sahib* and who would no more think of entering the room with his shoes on than Jean, the butler at home, would with his hat on his head. He acted as valet and would hardly let us dry our own faces, and stood behind us at table, whether we dined at the club or in a private house. We were proud of him as he was the swellest servant of the lot, but alas! when I gave him an advance on account of his pay he got drunk, and we changed to a little fellow from Portuguese Goâ who wasn't much for looks but a wonder for efficiency. He stayed with us to the end and wanted us to take him to America. How we all roared with laughter one morning up country when, after a long delay and none of the six servants appeared, Pedro first burst forth from the kitchen, pretty well splattered with eggs, but triumphant, and with some scrambled eggs still on the platter, and explained: "Dam big fight in kitchen!" We were quite proud, as we received congratulations, that our little fellow had been able to cross

the line a winner.—"For it is these little things in life that are *momentous*," as John Fiske, the historian, once said to me in Billy Park's chop-house in Boston, after telling me that his shoemaker, the most important man in his life, had moved to New York and that he, Fiske, only went there when he had to see him. Anyone who knew Fiske's short over-all length and great beam can appreciate his feeling this way.

Among the men we met in the Byculla Club was a Bostonian, William Clark, who with other Americans had had the courage to build tramways in the town. The Britishers had warned the Yankees that caste would not allow the thing to succeed, but there were the natives of all creeds jammed together like a baseball crowd, and rupees pouring into the company's coffers. Clark showed us the offices, stables, hospitals, workshops, etc., of the company: all very up-to-date. We felt an almost personal pride in the Yankees' success.

It was a busy week. The seething streets, horse races, polo on the Maîdan, sunsets on the esplanade when the wives and daughters of the rich Parsees drove in gorgeous array; the Towers of Silence, where the keeper tried to get us to wait as he expected a dead Parsee soon; and luncheon parties—one in the wonderful bungalow of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bates out on Malabar Hill. Among the dinners was one given by Bibby where, in honor of the Americans, they had what *they* called cocktails.

Coming home one night from one of these dinners we were taken to a wedding. A very dignified old Parsee led us up a palatial stairway, while a native brass band played "God Save the Queen," into a great hall, around the sides of which were three rows of gold and crimson chairs, and on each of these chairs a Parsee in gold and crimson dress. At the far end was a dais on which was a throne with a large chair on each side of it. I was given the throne, Al. got one of the chairs, and the old gentleman, who seemed to be giving the feast, took the other. In the centre of the hall were three nautch girls and three other maidens singing to an accompaniment of tom-toms. As I was making the necessary compliments to the old gentleman a servant sprinkled us with perfume from a silver watering-can, another put wreaths around our necks, and another offered betel nut. The girls began to sing *at* us a song with gestures that made the guests smile, but there was nothing for us to do but take it with a grin. After we had made our adieux the band again played for the safety of the queen as we went down the staircase. As no bride was in sight I suppose it was a sort of bachelor's dinner affair.

During the selfsame month and year that young Rudyard Kipling, of Allahabad, was travelling along the line and writing those early articles and tales of Indian life that were appearing in the *Pioneer*, Ismay's gold seals won private cars for the party,—albeit, we had to provide our own bedding,—and we made the first long journey of two

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

THE MAHARAJAH'S ELEPHANTS AT AMBÂR.

Photographed by A. Barrie.

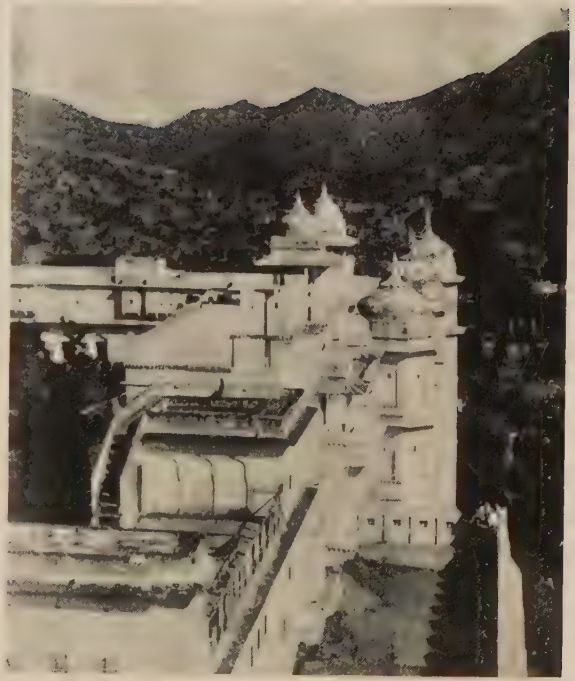
1 Wolff, 2 Maid, 3 Ruby, 4 N. McConquodale, 5 K. E., 6 Mrs Ismay, 7 Mr Ismay, 8 H. McConquodale, 9 An empty place

nights and a day on the Bombay, Baroda, Rajputana, and Malwa Railroad to Jeypoor, where the Maharajah, who rules independently of the Queen, made us free of his palace with its three hundred horses, splendid tigers, fighting elephants, and secret rose gardens, but forgot to let us see the harem. He gave us elephants for the journey to Ambâr, where we rambled about this strange city, which had been deserted in bygone years at the word of a rajah, and lunched in the Durbar hall of the deserted palace, where Al., in a little temple, found and photographed a lone, fat, and lusty mandolinist. Rudyard may have been in Jeypoor during the three days we were there, but I did not see or hear of another European, except the British Resident, being in the place.

Or he may have passed us on the run to Delhi, or we may have passed him any time during the days we were there—in the Dwan Khas, greatest of Durbar halls, or in the Jumna Musjid, greatest of mosques, or at the tomb of Hunayoons, or at that of the poet Khusso. Or perhaps he had got only as far west as Agra and may have been loafing about the great fort built by Akbar. I know he wasn't at the Taj-Mahal, which, by the way, is really the most beautiful building in the world and interesting as being the tomb of Nur Mahal, the wife of the great mogul Shah Jahan, "who had no other wife while she lived," in the early morning when Bibby, and Al., and I went there long before breakfast, because there was not

another soul there. And we didn't see any white man on the long drive of twenty-five miles, with four changes of horses, when we went to the other great deserted city of Futtipore Sikri. I don't remember that Rudyard tells anything about Cawnpore and Lucknow: the Mutiny hangs over them, but I remember Lucknow best because we had an exciting moment there one morning when we awoke and found that the little railway carriage occupied by Wolff and ourselves had been cut off by mistake and left on a siding, and that we might miss having Christmas with the rest of the party at Allahabad; but we made it Christmas eve and the next day sat in a church that probably held every Englishman, or woman, in the town.

Speaking of Kipling reminds me that when we got back to the States I was surprised to find an absolute lack of interest in India, other than the mild interest people take, say, in Saturn. When Kipling's work came to be known some people must have felt an interest, and H. Price Collier, who by the way married me, may have done some little service, but still I find no genuine interest. Perhaps the Germans with their 'round the world tours have introduced India to some Americans. I wonder if any of them nowadays have seen sixty-one coolies carry the luggage of six people to the station as our party did the morning we left Allahabad. Nineteen of them carried ours: five walked under our big American trunk and the biggest and strongest walked at the



AL'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DESERTED PALACE AT AMBÂR AND OF HIS FRIEND THAT HE FOUND THERE.

head of our group with the little bundle of canes and umbrellas on his head. Labor was astonishingly plentiful and cheap.

No sight that I can recall, except possibly that of a suicide, the top of his head blown open and his white face lying in a pool of blood, that I saw lying before me on a pavement one gray, wintry morning, has depressed me as did those of Benares. Although all is light, movement, and color, the obvious sadness of the life of the people and their apparent, and possibly real, indifference to death, must, I think, typify the soul of Hindu India. Our civilization has not done away with superstitions and our churches still harbor fanatics of a sort, but my Western mind could not help a feeling of revulsion at the sights in the temples, at the burning-ghats, of bodies floating in the sacred Ganges, and of fakirs inflicting bodily tortures on themselves. Perhaps at times I may have tortured myself mentally much more than the poor fakirs I pitied; and I must not forget that one old Hindu gentleman that I met thought the United States, where he had been and back on three hundred dollars, the most lawless and terrible place on earth.

Although the old Maharajah had us all over to his palace that stands alone on the deserted east bank of the Ganges, and the noble looking old gentleman had an entertainment for us, and gave Mrs. Ismay a ring, and laughed heartily when, after he had said we looked just like Englishmen, I gave him a copper cent so that he

would know what American Indians looked like, the burning-ghats on the river bank still haunted us.

The boatman, in the morning, had drawn our boat up to the bank at a rather insignificant looking spot where we saw, to us, the awful sight of four bodies burning on four oblong piles of wood. There seemed to be no ceremony; at any rate, while we watched two coolies came with a body, that of a prisoner, so we were told, in a sack tied to a bamboo pole carried on their shoulders. This they threw to the ground, and men, that we were told were priests, lifted out the body and smashed the skull with a stone in order that steam would not generate in it and it explode. They placed the long, naked body on a pile of wood, much too short for it, however, so they doubled up the legs and worked them down among the sticks. Mrs. Ismay could stand no more, so we moved away to another place where we saw some coolies bring down a body, covered with flowers, on a light bier to the edge of the bank, where priests took it and placed it in the sacred river so that it lay in the water with only the uncovered face above the surface. One of the priests gathered water in his cupped hands and poured it into the open mouth of the corpse. In former times the custom was to allow the body to float off down the river, but the authorities had stopped this.

Some years later, in Edwin Lord Weeks's studio in the Avenue de Wagram in Paris, his *Souvenir of the Ganges*, which I think the truest painter's record of the burning-ghats I have ever seen, and which I had etched and

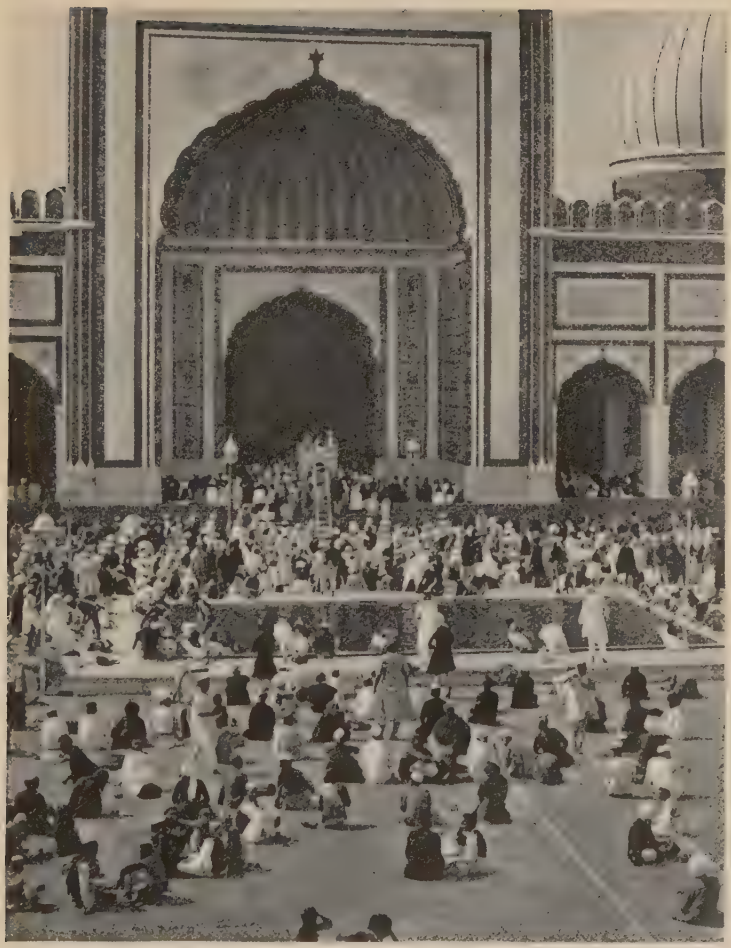
EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

reproduced in colors, reminded me of this morning. In talking over the custom of burning the bodies, Weeks, who had had ample opportunity to see what went on while he was making his sketches, remarked that the most revolting thing about it all was the way in which the bodies moved under the influence of the heat when it first struck them in force. I had not noticed this as we had not stayed long enough to see the effect on the newly arrived body.

Weeks, a New Englander a generation older than myself, was one of the first of the American painters living in Paris that I got to know well when working there in 1893. When he found that I had been in India he forced on me a drawing of a *dak*-cart drawn by bullocks, which has always had special interest for me because it was the first of a collection of such things. I say "forced" because it was actually so, as he brought it to me; being the first time that any luck of the sort had come to me I felt very diffident about accepting what I afterward found to be quite the custom among painters, generous fellows that they are. I have since spent more than I could really afford for paint and canvas—to hang on walls and not merely for boats as many of my salt water friends will suppose I mean. Weeks the year before I met him had had a narrow squeak from death by cholera when his travelling companion, Theodore Child, the writer, died on a two thousand mile horseback journey they were making together in the East for a New York magazine. Weeks has since followed Child.

Well, things were more cheerful when we moved a little further *down* the stream to the bathing-ghats, where some pretty women were bathing among the flowers drifting down from the dead bodies further up. Wolff had a great time there, but other sights in the temples where, in the narrow passages, almost naked men with bright daubs of color on their foreheads shrank from being defiled by a touch of even our clothing, and horrible fanatics, and poverty and vice indescribable, depressed us all; and I had the blues as I dressed for dinner in the gloomy, red-lined tent that I slept in in the compound of the hotel. What a cheery surprise to find next me at table that night Lawry Fonda, an old Penn Charter boy who was going around the world, with his uncle, in the opposite way! We spent the night talking about old times; he left the next morning before I was up and I have never seen him since. The school tells me he died in 1897, so we will have to have our next chance meeting, if ever, on the banks of the Styx instead of those of the Ganges.

We parted with the Ismays and Wolff at Mokameh; they going off into the country to spend New Year's Day with friends and we on to Calcutta, where we found it was race week and had to live in a big tent set up on the roof of the hotel. There I got acquainted with a lanky American machinery salesman, one Pine by name, who had had great adventures. About two years before, when he first came out, he was told that there was an opportunity to do business with the Ameer of Afghanistan—if



ENTRANCE TO THE JUMNA MUSJID AT DELHI.

he could get there. He applied to Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy, for an escort through the bandits of the border, but Dufferin refused and Pine went on alone with five armed men that he had hired and reached Kabul. But his troubles had only begun: the Ameer was progressive and listened to his suggestions with favor, but powerful reactionaries were opposed, and things got to such a pass that the Ameer, for Pine's own safety, kept him in a prison-like building in the palace grounds where, in constant danger of assassination and fear of poisoning, he lived through a dismal winter, never knowing if he would see home again. He was glad to have an American to talk to, and late one night told me of his stirring adventures, all of which I have forgotten, but I remember that he told me that in hours of depression he diverted his mind by reading the naughty stories in the Bible. He had got back with orders for three or four hundred thousand dollars worth of machinery, but was puzzled how to fill them and was trying to make arrangements in Calcutta. His great joy was that when the Viceroy heard that he was back he sent for Pine and tried to pump him and that he had "got even with Dufferin" by avoiding giving him any real information.

Calcutta, although it has the Viceroy and is a great business and shipping centre, had no great attraction; compared with Delhi, which may be considered symbolical of the vigorous Mohammedans, or Benares, of the heart of Hindu India, Calcutta may be compared to one

of its Babus—sleek, fat, and conceited. And uninteresting. So, with pointers from Pine, we went up to Darjeeling, and I rode the last part of the journey on the step of the little, narrow gauge Baldwin locomotive, at times hanging over precipices, through the different zones of vegetation, from tropical jungle to treeless. Here we lived three days in a hut, most of the time looking across a valley which seemed about four miles wide but is really forty, at the snow-clad Kitchinjunga, which the Thibetans, with knives in their belts, asserted was the highest in the world. We did not dispute with them; but were not satisfied, however, until we went up Senchal and managed to see Mt. Everest.

There are more cheerful places than the Himalayas in January and we were glad to get back for some days to Calcutta and have tiffin with Mr. Morrison, of Turner, Morrison & Co., and again meet the Ismays, and enjoy cheerful dinner at the Bengal Club. But we got word of Uncle Alec's death, and made a pilgrimage for his sake to the bazaars where he had gone so many years before; and as we couldn't stay away from home forever we had to decline the Ismays' invitation to go with them as their guests on a steamer they were to have all to themselves, to Rangoon and on to Mandalay, so we saw them off and turned away sorrowfully and went off to dine dismally with young James Thom, a friend of Bruce Ismay. We felt blue and it was a cheerless evening—of a cheerlessness equalled only by a dinner I once ate with

THE BURNING-GHAT AT BENARES.

BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT DARJEELING.

Jimmy Powers, Cyril Scott, Dave Warfield, and another, on a snowy Thanksgiving Day in Chicago, when we were all wishing we were somewhere else. And here I am reminded of another case of American enterprise by an old, yellow letter of Thom's which tells me that a Mr. Ridgely, of Boston, had had the courage, the year after we were there, to build the Columbia Skating Rink and that it had become the most successful place of amusement in Calcutta. One of the great regrets of my life is that I missed seeing the fat Babus trying it for the first time!

I missed kindly, genial, and jocular Gustave Wolff more than any of the others. He was as plain and unassuming as could be, absolutely fearless and independent, utterly without a care as to what people might think or say, and altogether lovable. He was the life of the party. He used to put his arm around my shoulders and treat me as a son—perhaps because he was a bachelor and wished he had one. He had been born a German,—told me his only living relation was his sister in Hamburg,—but he was British to the backbone. Short and bearded, some people must have seen something German in his appearance, for in after years when he was elected to Parliament he was nicknamed by the other members, "*The Teutonic*," and his partner, Sir Edward Harlan, who was large and dignified, "*The Majestic*." It was typical of Wolff that when our party dined with the Viceroy, who, by the way, was an Irishman, he set everyone laughing except Mrs. Ismay,

who was scandalized, when he picked up, turned over, and examined the gold plate before him, and said: "Dufferin, are these real?" Of course, he did it for a joke and especially, I suspect, to shock Mrs. Ismay—as was his wont.

I have kept some of his letters: "My dear Bob," his first goes on; "I hope you had a real good time after you left us and that your mother was not short of toast owing to Mrs. Ismay's absence. I don't know if you heard from her about our trip in Southern India, but I look upon it as the best part of the journey. The weather was nice and warm and the country as well as the people more interesting than I found them in the North. Besides it seemed out of the way, few hotels, and some places we stopped hardly a European. On the whole I enjoyed the winter immensely and am strongly tempted to go off again to some warm country until the spring sets in again. By that time I suppose we shall have completed the first of the two large steamers which we are building and I shall cross over on the first trip. I hope you will be able to run over to New York and that you will have got beyond the everlasting lemon-squash and we will have a talk over a whiskey and soda about all the dangers and fatigues we came through together in Egypt and India."

And when I got married: "Glad indeed that you have not followed my bad example, for I am still a bachelor and will now remain so to the end. But although no doubt you feel a great deal happier married, still even

before then we had some nice times together in India. I often think of that awakening in Lucknow, when we were left behind, and of the time I set my bed on fire with smoking. I have not been away since, I suppose I am getting old now and prefer a lazy life at home. . . ." How unreliable memory is: I can recall, even with his letter before me, nothing whatever about his setting fire to his bed.

And five years later: "I send you my photo. I have gotten older since we travelled India together and had such a pleasant time. I only wish I could go again, but now I have gotten pretty well fixed here and can't leave. Not that I am married, but not having so much to do in business I am devoting my talents to the good of my country and have gone into parliament and that old man at the head of the government wont give us any holidays. I represent one of the divisions of Belfast as a real good conservative, and a nice time we had of it last session fighting Home Rule. . . ."

Good, old Wolff! I have mislaid your photograph, but I will never forget your kindly face.

So, after the party was broken up, we were glad to get out of the long reaches of the Hoogly and the old P. & O. *Rossetta* got to sea. The voyage was without excitement, other than the sight of a mad elephant and anacondas swallowing guinea pigs at Madras, until one morning we found a big, white French transport, the *Shamrock*, with twelve hundred troops from Saigon, with

her bowsprit up among the palms of Ceylon. We took on five native pilots from catamarans and crept inshore, got cables to the Frenchman and, I suppose much to the disgust of the crowd of natives on the beach on the look-out for loot, pulled him off and we went on to Colombo. The next night the *Shamrock* got in, leaking badly, and the next day the hotel was full of red and baggy-trousered officers.

The best part of Ceylon, for us, was not the palm fringed shore with the great surf breaking on the beach, or the wonderful vegetation of the interior, or the ruins, or the temples of Kandy; but a few days in the mountains at Newara-Eliya, then reached partly by post-cart, where hoar-frost covered the ground in the morning and overcoats were needed at night, but where the sun beat down fiercely at noon. We had letters of introduction to tea planters who gave us the jolliest days we had had since leaving home—riding, tennis, snipe shooting, adventure with a boar while in the jungle in one of the gullies when we were climbing Pedro Tullagula, the highest peak of the island, and billiards and "snookers" in the little club at night.

VI

THE "OLD MAN" COUNTRY

When we boarded the big, new *Victoria* on her maiden run with three hundred passengers, all, apparently, well supplied with money, I found that my roommate, D. Vigo, a well-to-do young Englishman, was one of the ring-leaders of a very rapid set. Vigo's ancestors had come from Spain. I never knew his Christian name, as he made a sort of mystery of it—"Just call me D.," he said. I supposed it was something embarrassing, like Diego or Domingo. He came to look on me, for no reason in the world that I could see, as a miracle of virtue, and, strange to relate, seemed to take a great liking to me, and used me as a father-confessor every morning. I sat at a table with six of these gay young fellows, and acquired an awfully festive reputation because, while they drank great lots of champagne, I had light-colored ginger ale, which looked exactly like the champagne, which I drank from an old man glass, *i.e.*, a *very* tall ginger ale glass. In Australia in those days anything and everything big, even the country itself when they grew enthusiastic, was dubbed "old man"—a slang phrase which

they considered very expressive—which grew out of the colloquialism for the old buck kangaroos.

I was even remonstrated with for my "excess" and warned against such company, but they were a good-hearted lot and were not likely, so far as I can see, to do anyone any harm except themselves. Their worst trait showed in the heavy gambling that flourished every night after midnight in the smoking-room. Here a great game of Nap with two fellows running the bank, one dealing and the other with a hatful of sovereigns between his knees, was under way after the usual fancy ball, minstrels, mock trial, or other excitement of the evening was over. It was a lively voyage: one night on the grand staircase Charles Warner and his daughter gave the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, and at another time, in wee small hours, on the same staircase, some of the young fellows who were being taken off to bed by their respective stewards turned on their good Samaritans and captured one of them and then and there stripped him naked and confiscated his clothes. Next day they made up a liberal pool for him and all was forgiven. Al. and I were in cabins three hundred feet apart, sat at different tables, and passed the day and evening with different acquaintances, but rubbing shoulders with the riotous living did not do any harm to either of us, although he was but seventeen.

Neptune did not board us at the line, but we saw the Cross, and the sun, when we saw him, shone from the

north. We had gray skies most of the days and as we went south it grew colder with surprising rapidity. Our first sight of the coast of Australia was dreary and forbidding. The mountains showed gray through a cold and bitter rain. One night we groped our way through the black squalls into King George's Sound; I stood in mackintosh under the bridge listening to the pilot curse sharply in Yankee-like tones and trying to make out something of the place. Shortly after nine it cleared a little and I was able to make out the gloom of high land all about us and soon the twinkling of the lights of a little settlement, which we were told was Albany.

Our early impressions continued forbidding: we did not go ashore there but kept on, and on another night passed Borda light and were soon under the lee of Kangaroo Island, and later anchored in the roadstead off a village called Glenelg. There was quite a sea, so the two-mile run in a steam launch to shore was a rough one. Vigo, who had intended going on to Melbourne, decided to come with us, as he put it, "to see the bally bush." So we three and our traps were thrown on the one deserted pier, where we had to wrestle with our own luggage, managing to tumble our one trunk into the fifteen by fifteen wooden shanty that represented H. B. M.'s customs office and left it there. Discovering a truck we loaded our portmanteaus, rugs, etc., on it and shoved it down the pitch black pier until we came to a wide sandy street, in the centre of which was a single railroad track.

Here we piled our luggage on the ground and dozed on it for an hour before the train backed down. It passed through the primitive wildwest village, which consisted of about fifty shanties, most of them drinking dives, strung along the street. This bone-shaker express made the seven-mile run to Adelaide in forty minutes and again we were dumped off in the middle of a wide street, but this time we found a cab, which was a genuine Philadelphia Germantown, and so to the hotel and to bed at three A. M.

Adelaide was then a flattened out overgrown village of one or two story houses. It had enormously wide streets, and once had an exhibition, the buildings of which it still preserves like a wreath of immortelles, from which it may have some day recovered. Everything, even to the telegraph office, was closed on Sunday and the trains to Melbourne did not run on Sunday or even on Saturday. Of course, it was their summer and the flies and mosquitoes were plentiful.

But when we had stayed fifteen days in Melbourne we found it a very go ahead place; broad streets, cable car system, plenty of good theatres, pleasant suburbs, nice little seashore places on the bay, and fine places for small boat sailing. It was quite like what we found San Francisco to be, but with what then seemed to us a better tone to the inhabitants. Prices of everything but food were high. Menzie's, where we stayed, was more like a club than a hotel. It was all a pleasant change: we had had no theatres for quite a while and here had a round. One of

THE GOVERNOR.

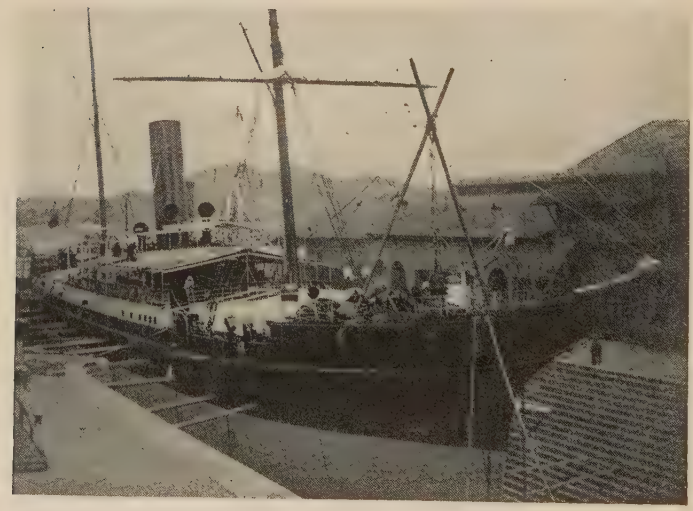
them was finer than any then in Philadelphia. Of course, we went to Warner's first night, when, before as gay and brilliant an audience as could be found anywhere, he gave "*Drink*," a crusty old melodrama based on Zola's *L'Assommoir*. And there were several comic operas on.

Here I had my first successful experience in the noble art of creating trade and it turned out to be much more agreeable than I had anticipated. Of the booksellers, old George Robertson, the dean of the trade, was not at all the dragon I had been told in London to expect, and asked me to his house. Another, Samuel Mullen, at first grumpy, became most genial, and gave us a cordial invitation to dine at his home. One of the nicest fellows I ever met in any walk in life was Henry Eeles, a comparatively young man, head of a substantial and prosperous bookselling firm. He had travelled in Egypt and India and this helped to give us some interest, aside from those of trade, in common. We had lunches together and we dined at his house and met his wife and three charming children, and went to the theatre together. He "took on" our books and gave some orders that I cabled home and the Governor anticipated Teddy Roosevelt many years by cabling "Delighted." Eeles represented us in Australia for a good many years and made a good deal of money for himself and for us eventually, perhaps enough to pay the expenses of our journey around the world. But the seven years' drought came along and ruined poor Eeles and he died, I suppose of a broken spirit.

We met other people and found that they were more like Americans than English, and went to Ballarat, and up a mountain and down the celebrated Koh-i-nur gold mine. And suffered a "brick-duster," when there is nothing to do but stay indoors and drink lemon-squashes. The bay with the yachts had a great attraction for us, and down at the coast where the big ground-swell rolls up from the Antarctic we loafed away an afternoon.

Bibby had given us letters of introduction, one of which was to Harry Gilliat, who put us up at the Australian Club in Sydney, so that when we arrived there we were at home at once, as he had engaged rooms for us in the club. It was the leading club in the place; its building was the plainest of wooden affairs, but it was near the grounds of the Government House and gardens on a hill overlooking the harbor, which is one of the finest and most picturesque in the world. It is a perfectly landlocked arm of the sea, stretching inland for twenty miles, the irregular shores are in many places high, rocky, and wooded, at other points there are pretty coves with sandy beaches. It is an ideal spot for small boat sailing and people thereabout take full advantage of their good luck. Down at the entrance, called The Heads, is the powerful Macquarie lighthouse; near here, on Watson's Bay, Gilliat, then suffering from a sad loss, lived in a bungalow called "The Camp." From here we climbed over the hills to have our first look at the Pacific, for we were now around on the east coast of Australia. We were a

THE *RAPID* IN SIDNEY HARBOR.



THE *TSINAN* IN DRY-DOCK AT HONGKONG.

couple of weeks in Sydney and at every possible opportunity I used to go down to The Heads and lie in the scrub watching the pounding surf and was several times lucky enough to see a square rigger come in under sail.

Sydney is built on several hills, has narrow and crooked streets, and quite an old English look. Men go to business at nine and leave at four; indeed, the inhabitants pride themselves on having none of the Yankee ways of Melbourne—the two places are as different as possible. Yet there is an immense shipping trade and, in spite of the short business hours, just as much money is probably made, for the shores of the upper part of the harbor are studded with villas, and the theatres and other places of amusement were well filled with people as cultured and prosperous looking as are found in any capital, except perhaps Paris and London. Government House is, of course, the social centre and we had an opportunity to see that they do things very well there. The Botanical Gardens are next to Government House and border Woolloomooloo Bay, which, by the way, got its name from the efforts of the blacks to pronounce windmill, several of which were here in the old days.

The Walers, as the people and horses of the colony are called, are very proud of the scenery on the Hawkesbury River and we were urged to go up there. So we went with Mr. McDonald, an American, manager for a Chicago firm, Ryland & Morse, who were building

a great cantilever bridge for the railroad to Brisbane. The scenery did not seem much out of the ordinary as we went up in a launch, but Mr. Ryland, whom we met at the bridge, explained everything from the caissons to the putting in position of the great spans and we had a good opportunity to understand all these, as the work was in every stage of completion. We were introduced to the government of New South Wales in the person of an inspector who sat airily on a beam two hundred feet above the river. He was a pawky Scot who almost talked us to death; his principal work seemed to be to smoke endless American cigars. Shortly after our return to Philadelphia I was sorry to read in *The Public Ledger* that the *Melbourne Argus* had reported that Mr. Ryland when walking along the top of one of the spans of the bridge missed his footing and fell some fifty feet into the river below. As he was falling a huge shark was observed immediately below, and the poor fellow had scarcely reached the water when the shark seized him and both disappeared under the surface.

In New South Wales the government then ran everything, and everything is at a standstill on Sunday; the railways—so you can't travel on Sunday; the telegraph lines—so you can't wire; the post office—and you can't buy a stamp; the trams—and you can't use them. And all these were badly managed and run at a loss; you were introduced to officials on all sides and almost every other man you met was employed in the government in

some way; in fact, the colony must have been official ridden. In Melbourne, on the contrary, where affairs are not so much in the hands of the government, there was some competition and things went with some vim. I am writing from a note-book kept in 1888; of course, it may be different now.

We worked a little, but there was a good deal of being entertained and of returning the compliment. We gave a dinner and paid off our social debts, getting even as best we could with Mr. Augustus Morris,—who had been a commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition and had entertained Darwin,—with whom we had spent a Sunday in his bungalow at Manly on the shores of the bay; Digby Smith, Esq., who had taken us on the floor of the House of Parliament; Mr. Dalley, the ex-premier, who had us at Castle Dalley, and others. We must have seemed very boyish hosts to these grave and reverend seigneurs, for the club members were constantly taking us for midshipmen and asking in what ship we were. Perhaps this was because they often saw with us Lieutenant Carleton, whose smart little gunboat, the *Rapid*, interested us. In his cabin, hanging by strings from a hole bored in the top of each, were several slashed, browned, and charred skulls of Chinamen who had been massacred on the coast of New Guinea. As the British look upon themselves as the policemen of the seas, the *Rapid*, arriving on the scene as it happened, shelled and burned the natives' huts, and there were fewer Papuans that night.

Australia was a civilized country, but I wonder if others who have gone to the land of the kangaroo have experienced the feeling of being far, far from home, as though on the *under* side of the earth, and utterly cut off from the rest of the world, that I did in those days.

Major Gascoigne. *Lieut. Cunliffe.* *James Arthur.* *Captain Allison.*

UNDER THE BRIDGE ON THE *TSINAN.*

From an old faded photograph made by Lieutenant Dodd.

VII

THROUGH THE EAST INDIES

We said farewell to this civilization as we passed out through The Heads in a fine, new little steamer, the *Tsinan*, of the China Navigation Company, on the run of nearly five thousand miles to Hongkong. Of only two thousand three hundred tons and with a speed of but twelve knots, she had a tiny saloon and but eight cabins in the camel-back amidship, where we lived as on a little island above a sea of Chinese coolies on the deck below. There were only a few passengers, so that, with our jolly skipper and his officers, we were only fifteen whites in all, and some of these left us at ports up the coast. It was like a yacht cruise, with the skipper as our host and the life of the party. In addition to the bachelors there were a Sydney banker and his wife. Their tall and good-looking daughter, the only other white woman aboard, must have hated for the rest of her natural life the sight of checkers, chess-boards, cards, and men, after the long voyage.

There had been a southerly blow, so we yawed about as we ran up the coast before a dying gale and kept

rolling for two days until we were behind Moreton Island in the bay which forms the roadstead of Brisbane. We anchored off the river bar and lighters carried our cargo up the river to Brisbane, which we had not time to see. From here on up to Sandy Cape we had smooth sea, fine warm weather, and land in sight, here very much like the west coast of Scotland. Soon we were running through the Percy group of islands off Mackaye and well inside the Great Barrier Reef. This wonderful work of nature is an immense coral reef that begins about Keppel Bay, at the Tropic of Capricorn, and runs parallel to the east coast of Australia up to the extreme north at Torres Strait. I suppose it must be a thousand miles long. The farther north you go, of course, the conditions are more favorable for the growth of the coral, so that what at first are great reefs awash, later on become hundreds of the regulation piratical coral reef islands of boyhood storybooks, with a lagoon in the centre and a fringe of tall waving palms.

The coast of the mainland is wild and apparently almost uninhabited and none of the ports on the coast were very interesting, but we were delighted as we steamed along day after day on the sunny emerald-green water among tropical islands. After stopping in Halifax Bay to discharge cargo for Townsville we passed close to Palm Islands at noon and shortly after skirted Hinchinbrook, a mountainous island close to the mainland. We anchored over one night off Cairns, then went on to

Cooktown. Away off in the roadstead here a man-of-war had five big German ensigns flying, but we could not then learn what they were celebrating. Passed our sister ship, the *Chinta*, as we steamed out.

At this point the reef is so near to the shore and the channel it leaves is so studded with coral that navigation is too dangerous to be kept up at night, so that each evening at sunset the ship anchored. One night, as the sun went down behind the mountains, we anchored alongside the Clarendon Lightship, the crew of which came on board and gave us some magnificent coral (one beautiful piece spread out like a fan three feet across) in exchange for old newspapers. These men and those on the Piper Island Lightship, which we passed next morning, must pass a lonely existence, for the mainland here is wild and the blacks nasty, so that they are even barred from the possible pleasure of going ashore. We passed close to Haggerstone Island, on which was an encampment of pearl fishers and natives.

The sunsets here licked creation and, at anchor in the generally placid waters, we had an opportunity to enjoy them to the utmost. One sundown, in Whitsunday Passage, we were so close to shore we could see the naked blacks brandishing their spears and clubs, and on one occasion they came out in dugout canoes begging, so we were told, for tobacco; they shouted and threatened when it was not forthcoming, but the officers, of course, only laughed. These blacks are certainly ugly and repulsive.

Near Cape Melville we passed close to the large house of an adventurous trader named Jardine, whom we were told had had many fights with the blacks, and whose history as told to us would have made a good story if retold by Louis Becke. The house was in the loneliest possible place, probably a hundred miles from the nearest settlement, and the pallisade surrounding it must often have been useful.

In ten days we were in Torres Strait and rounding York Peninsula, the most northern part of Australia and only ten degrees south of the Equator. There is a settlement on Thursday Island here, composed of huts and galvanized iron sheds stretched along the sandy shore. As there was no pier we tied up alongside an old hulk, *The Star of Peace*, moored in the harbor, which served as a floating cargo-exchange, and here we put off coal and the products of civilization in exchange for *bêche-de-mer* and pearl shell. Anchored about was quite a fleet of pearl luggers, smart little boats of forty or fifty feet, very much like Chesapeake bugeyes, but with less rake to the masts. Going on shore I found that place was one of the headquarters of the pearl fishing trade and that it was the metropolis of the region. In one of the corrugated iron sheds there was published a paper, *The Torres Strait Pilot*, which gave the news that the German man-of-war *Eber*, with, it was rumored, Malietoa, the deposed King of Samoa on board, had gone south. "On the beach" I learned the news of the death of Emperor William I and

so then knew what the dress-ship had meant. Lots of Papuan curios could be had here, as New Guinea was just across the Strait, but all were big and bulky, so I contented myself with some pearl shell. Pearls the size of big peas could be had for a sovereign; but at that time pearls did not interest me, so I did not appreciate the opportunity.

We turned westward here and it took us two long, hot days and nights to run across the Gulf of Carpentaria and on to Van Diemen Gulf. The sea was oily and at night full of phosphorous, by day the sky thick and hazy, and all signs pointed to a hurricane, but the worst we got was some heavy thunder squalls. One of our Chinamen steerage passengers, an old withered-up man, snuffed out from old age here. His goods and chattels were taken care of by another old fellow, and after the body was dressed in gala costume it was placed in one of the Chinese coffins which the ships are compelled to carry, as the company is bound by agreement to take to China the body of any Chinaman who dies on the voyage. Tickets for the different places in Heaven, together with a pack of cards and a set of dominoes were put in the coffin. Then quicklime was thrown in, the lid put on and fastened, and the seam caulked and painted with white lead. The coffin was kept alongside the port rail on deck, and in spite of the heat, no stench came from it; the native crew, however, would carefully avoid it, especially at night. Before we were in Hongkong we had on deck several of these reminders that life is brief.

The part of the hold occupied by the Chinese passengers was fitted up with shelves just like an opium-joint; on these they stowed themselves away and came out only to light up. Some, I believe, had not been on deck since we left Sydney; they apparently kept themselves under the influence of opium to escape seasickness. Some, the gamblers, however, were out whenever the weather was favorable; then they were at fan-tan all the while, Sunday not excepted. No money appeared, chips only were used on deck, but one day a raid below was made and twenty-five pounds sterling and a lot of gambling paraphernalia confiscated.

Two days later we steamed into Port Darwin, two thousand five hundred and seventeen miles from Sydney, and as we had two hundred tons of coal and a lot of machinery to discharge we were here three full days, which was certainly quite enough, for there was there only a little settlement gathered about the headquarters of the British Australian Telegraph Company. Here the great line that runs across the desert wilds of Australia connects with the cable to the rest of the world, and as all messages are repeated here there was a corps of about a dozen men connected with the station. They were an agreeable crowd and made us at home in their little club, scarcely more than a chummery, where we spent most of our time. There was tennis for the day, and at night billiards. On a drive into the bush we found a party of aborigines in their humpies, as their miserable

shacks, like inverted teacups, are called. One old black was a character. I have seen the old Man in Leather who used to tramp through Connecticut, a Jap in white cotton drawers wearing a high hat, H. H. Bancroft wearing a straw one in a Chicago blizzard, and Oscar Wilde, all in pearl gray, wearing a sunflower or a chrysanthemum, but none of them were as striking as this revolting old black with nothing on but a breech-cloth and a white starched collar around his neck. He offered to sell me a young gin for a bottle of ginger beer, but I bought a waddy instead. At the edge of the settlement the gins have to put on long white nighties or are sent to jail. On leaving the settlements the women take off the hateful but precious garments and they are rolled up carefully. The jail was the cleanest and most agreeable I have ever visited; while we were there a couple of prisoners were brought in, and we saw one of them, a Chinaman, with admirable fortitude, lose his cue.

It was full moon and most of the nights while we were here were so hot that we sat late on deck in pajamas. On the last night we had the B. A. T. fellows on board to a little dinner; we had reason to be very grateful to them, as but for these good fellows it would have been a tiresome stay. Here we took on board, second class, a bevy of Japanese girls, who, hereafter made the poop brilliant with their gay dresses. It was a fine moonlight night as we passed out west of Bathurst Island and headed north through the Arafura Sea into the East Indies, and

for the next ten days we were passing through a succession of beautiful tropical islands, many reminding us of that described in Melville's *Typee*, many of them very high, being of volcanic origin, and in almost every case, although some rose up four thousand feet, they were clothed to the top in luxuriant tropical vegetation. This run was a delightful experience; nearly all days were fine, yet every one seemed different. Sea, sky, and land changed from sunrise to sunset. The skies at night, until the moon came up, were brilliant with stars, and the islands then lost nothing of charm and gained in mystery. The heat was great, but as we were constantly moving it did not trouble us, and was nothing to the dry furnace heat of the Red Sea.

As I look over the chart and my old diary the run through these wonderful seas and among the enchanting islands of the East Indies comes back—the sunset that afternoon as we passed between Serawatty Island and Timur Laut into the Banda Sea, and the sunrise the next morning, when I came on deck in pajamas, as we were passing Damma Island. Then the great run up to Bouro Strait, through which we passed to the Xulla group, then up the Molucca Passage and through Banda Strait with Siao and Sangir to starboard, and close to port the island of Limbe, where many tall pillars of smoke showed that natives were plentiful. Back of Limbe was the east end of the great island of Celebes with high, blue and purple mountains, some of which we were told were live volcanoes.

Here we passed a little white brig, and soon, a dead Malay coasting along on his last journey. His little craft, with a pathetic little square sail of mat in the bow, was a roughly shaped log, to which he was lashed, head aft and slightly raised, with kayar, or coir ropes. We passed so close to him that we could see his bared face; the body only was covered with a mat. We sighted the Sula group and passed close to Point Matanol on Basilan Island, which was formerly a great rendezvous for native pirates. Here we were so close to the shore that, with the glass, we could see natives in waist-cloths, flocks of parroquets and other birds, and turtles on the small patches of beach. In some places the trees grew in the water, and the luxuriant tropical vegetation reached to the very peaks. Recollection of these scenes reminds me that once at an exposition, becoming enamoured of a little rough water-color sketch, the merest color record, of a view in Samoa that recalled these days, I asked the painter, a well-known New Yorker, whom I knew and who did some work for us, what his price for it was. He replied that he had not thought of selling it, but that if I really wanted it he would let it go for three hundred dollars. My opinion of my own powers of criticism improved at once; but someone else owns the sketch.

We were allowed the run of the ship; could ruin our white clothes aloft, or sit on the bridge, and as I was interested in the navigation I spent a good deal of time there hanging over the chart and was there regularly

when it came to a close corner. Here was one, for the channel is narrow, and before going through we cut straight across the strong current to the Mindanoa shore and passed very close to the town of Samboanga. From the elevation of the bridge we looked down on the place, so near that we could distinguish what clothes the people wore. There was an old fort which was probably used as a prison, as the place is a Spanish penal settlement, and a few houses fit for Europeans, over one of which flew the ensign, which was dipped as we passed. The most interesting part of the picture was the native town built on piles over the water; the houses were connected with each other by small bridges, and the whole settlement was in touch with the land by means of a large bridge of heavy logs. The background to all this was a splendid grove of great palm trees, on some of which we saw natives using the climbing belts one reads of at school. The people, watching the ship, were scattered along the shore for the space of half a mile, all in bright colored dresses. Some catamarans were cruising about. All this, with the distant range of mountains, and the golden tinge given to all by the setting sun made a glorious tropical picture. Another pretty picture seen that night was a little brigantine, the second and last craft we saw in these lonely seas, lying with all sails set in such a way that in the moonlight all staysails and spanker were snow white, while, in strong contrast, her square sails were jet black in the shadow. We passed

very close to her and hailed but had no response. No one was visible even at the wheel, but our officers thought everything was all right so we did not stop. Late that night we had strange lightning in great round balls that hung, like a ball of phosphorous as seen in the sea at night, on the yardarm and masthead, but no thunder.

We were now in the Philippines. Passed a Spanish gunboat and the islands of Negros and Panay to starboard and out through Mindoro Strait with Calamanes Island to port. Then rather close to Cabra Island, of the Lubang group, and after that the distant shore of Luzon was in sight until we were about abreast of Manilla and then we headed northwest into the China Sea. After about two days of cloudy and showery weather we anchored in Hongkong.

Of course, during nearly a month together on this little ship we had all become very chummy, for it certainly was a congenial party. Al.'s special chum was Dodd, the second officer, who was also an amateur photographer. There was James Arthur, of Glasgow, who writes me that he still has the photograph of us all together under the bridge on the *Tsinan*, who used to swap stories with our great, hearty fat skipper, Captain Allison: stories so tall that I have never heard their equal, except perhaps some swapped one night between Joe Leiter and Richard Harding Davis in The Chicago Club on Michigan Avenue. Another letter reminds me of Major R. N. Gascoigne, an Egyptian bullet hole in his

cheek, who, for the two previous years, had been aide-de-camp to the governor at Sydney, who had had adventures in New Zealand, and his companion, Lieutenant Cunliffe. Gascoigne's father was a Scot living near the Crinian Canal, the happy possessor of several small sailing craft, and the major was also an enthusiastic sailor, so we had lots of boat talk, and on rainy days drew plans of our future boats together. None of my plans, of course, happened to be in the least like the craft I eventually did have. No man, except the suicide, knows what his end will be, and I could not foresee that I would own *Azalea*, the oldest schooner yacht in America, and end up with turning Herreshoff's *Virginia* into a yawl. It was this interest in ships and sailors that led me up to the marine museum in the neglected third floor of the Louvre and to the restaurant Lapérouse, where I went first because of the name, and kept going there because the food was good, English was never heard, and especially because from the windows of the tiny rooms on the second story there was the view of the Seine and its craft.

But to return. The Easter holidays were on at Hong-kong; hotel crowded, races at Happy Valley, and a general bustle. There was also a good deal of rain and foggy weather; but we presented our letters of introduc-ton, and were taken in chairs up the Peak, and to the gardens, and did all the things we should for three days.

And then, one night with three other passengers, we went on the little side-wheeler sixty miles up the river

THE CRYPTOMERIAS ON THE LONG ROAD TO NIKKO.

AL.'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT BRONZE BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA.

to Canton, at two places passing junks filled with stone that had been sunk to keep off foreigners. There were stands of rifles on the steamer and the officers advised us to be back on board before sundown. Off we went, in chairs slung between bamboo poles, in charge of a guide known to the captain. During the long day we never saw a European. The scenes in the narrow streets were almost indescribable: mothers rushed out of doors and pointed us out to their babies, children ran away crying, men scowled at us and one spat at me. Once, as we were going into the merchants' guild hall, a mandarin and his troop came out, guns went off, his Tartars made for their ponies near us, and our guide bolted, but nothing came of it.

There were splendid shops where wonderful silks, embroideries, shoes, paintings, jewelry, and furniture were to be had. Smoked dog hams, dried rats, part of a live fish, and other unusual things could be bought. Curious tall, square tower-like buildings built of black brick were pawnshops. In the execution ground, soaked with blood and with a heap of bloody clothes in one corner, were jars said to contain decapitated heads in lime. There were pagodas, examination halls with thousands of cells for students, temples, guard houses with men armed with spears and shields, and a constant ferment of rushing coolies, cries of cash-men, fan-tan players, and fortune-tellers, some women with deformed feet but also multitudes with natural ones, a constant yelling and shouting,

and pushing and crowding about us that was disconcerting and tiring and we were glad to get back well before sundown to the comfort of the old *Powan* for the trip back.

After a couple of days more in Hongkong we were tired of the place and rather than wait longer decided to sail on an old P. & O. passenger ship that had been sold to the Japanese and was making her last trip for the company. When we went on board at night we found that the *Zambezi's* cabins and saloon were filled with cargo, so that we, the only passengers, lived in a little cabin on deck and ate with the officers, who were very nice fellows, and one of whom we had known on the *Peshawur*. But the ship, heavily loaded, so that she had only about six feet of free board, could make only eight knots, and we had very heavy, thick weather up the Formosa Channel, with seas invading our cabins, and she made only about two hundred miles a day, so that we were sincerely thankful to get through and at last anchor off Yokohama.

FUJI-SAN.

VIII

JAPAN IN THOSE DAYS

It is hardly likely that there are men living who saw Japan from the decks of Perry's old *Susquehanna*, so that with the possible exception of the American, William Elliot Griffis, who went there as a teacher in 1870 and wrote what is still the best book on Japan, I suppose Al. and I have as good an impression as any Americans have of Japan in the days before Western civilization had a chance to do its evil work. John La Farge, who struck me, when I talked to him of Japan, as strangely out of sympathy with the people and their art, and who had been there the year before us, is now dead. Robert Blum, to my mind the painter who has best interpreted the Japanese, did not reach there until the year after.

When we first saw the honorable Fuji-San floating above the clouds the old treaties giving foreigners extra-territorial rights, whereby they were put above the laws of Japan, were still in existence. Foreigners, even traders, who were apparently principally French, were few, and could not go outside the treaty ports without a special

passport that could only be secured through the Legation at Tokio after long delay and under special conditions, and it was only a few years before that the French and British troops, stationed on the Bluffs to protect their citizens, had been withdrawn.

The "boys" in the hotel in Yokohama knew so little English that the dishes on the menu were numbered and ordered by number. Outside the town a guide who would interpret (and was willing to kill chickens) was necessary. Servants were called by clapping of hands and when they came knelt down, sucked in their breath, and touched the floor with the forehead before speaking. Men, women, and children bowed to us as they passed. Even on the shores of Mississippi Bay, near the Bluffs, the passer-by might see women in the houses stripped to the waist doing up their hair, while at the back the naked husband smoked his pipe. Nudity, in hot weather, was looked upon as the natural state of man. The Japs have a mania for bathing, in hot water especially. In the East they say that the Chinese are continually putting on clean clothes but never bathe, and that the Japanese never put on clean clothes but are always bathing. In the largest cities there were separate houses with large pools for men and women, but in the villages all used to bathe, minus any clothing whatever, together in the same pool. The missionaries objected to this, so in the better villages they had met this by putting a light picket fence through the middle of the pool. If the evening was warm we

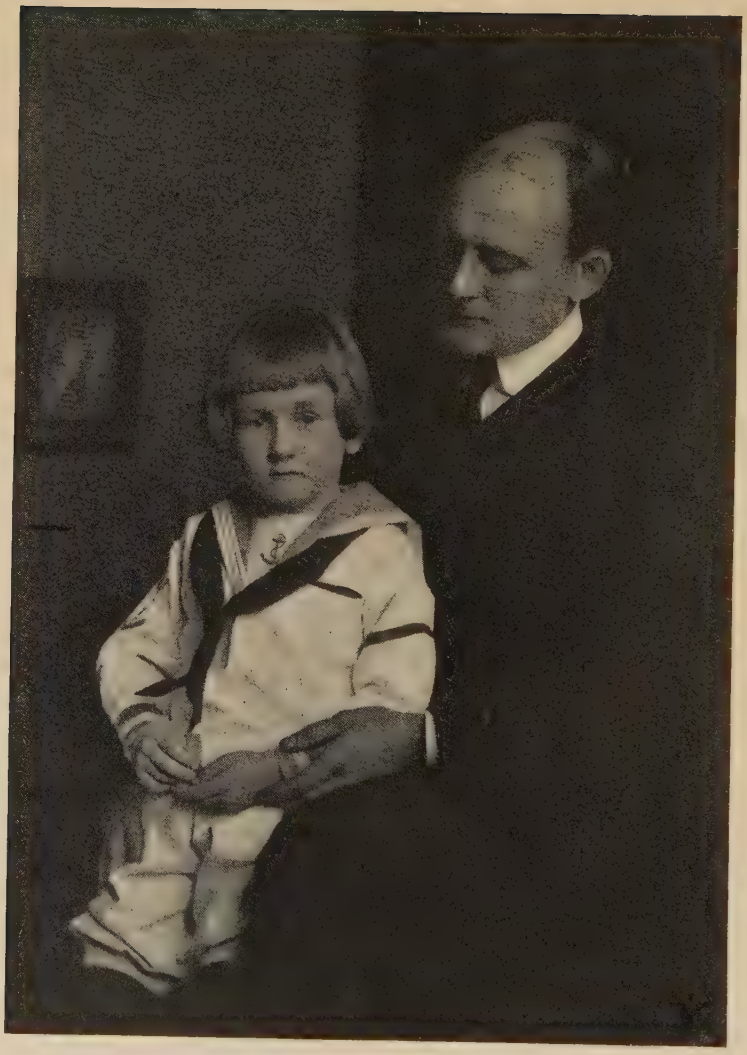
NAMIKAWA FEEDING HIS CARP.

would see the men, Adam-like, except for pipe in hand, standing outside the bath house. In a theatre where we went behind the scenes we found a pool in which the company had to have its plunge after work before going home. Railroads were few and short, and the artistic taste of the people had not become debased. Loti's *Madame Chrysanthème*, which had then just been published, has no doubt given most persons their impression of the older Japan and its people as they were then.

How bright and cheerful it all seemed after depressing India and China. It was at once apparent, even on the cloudy day of our arrival, that here were people with a different outlook on life. The sampan man grinned, the customs officers were cheerful and polite, comical little boys with shaved crowns played pranks, girls in gay dresses and with gayer manners flirted merrily, and the ricksha men pranced as they spun us along the bund to the hotel. The captain of the *Zambezi* lunched with us and we all went off afterward to theatres and wrestling booths, where the laughter and gaiety captured us completely. The only mournful thing in Japan that I can now remember was the weird whistle of the blind masseurs heard every night but one,—that one when we slept in a deserted village in the Shirane mountains,—during the six weeks we were there. They were active weeks, three of them spent in walking tours in parts of the country that could then be reached in no other way. If there were any desire to do so I might easily enough live over again the journey

through India or the lazy month on the *Tsinan*, but I could not, much as I would like to, if I thought the people had not been spoiled, again live over the weeks in Japan. I am certain; for when a couple of years ago I boasted to my children that on walking tours in Japan we had done as high as nearly thirty miles on foot in a day, they invited me one winter morning for a walk, and after twelve miles I was ready, nay glad, to spend the afternoon on a bed. I suppose the railroads go everywhere over there now.

After we had presented our letters of introduction and had secured a card at the Legation in Tokio and called, with it in hand, on the Mikado in his moated castle (but saw only his gardens and palaces) and had spent ten days inspecting the honorable paper mills, and visiting honorable printers and publishers, and buying honorable fans from honorable princesses, and looking up all the honorable arts, industries, and temples, and wandered with the crowds under the cherry blossoms, our minister at last secured passports that would allow us to go outside the limits of the treaty ports, provided we promised *not to appear on horseback at a fire.* Fortunately we never had any craving to do so, for horses were then almost as scarce in Japan as in Venice, where we had seen one exhibited like a wild animal in a tent. We went off in a train that managed in six hours to get to the end of the short line that then ran only as far as Utsunomiya. We had as company in our compartment a cabinet



AL.

(*As a paterfamilias*).

minister and his wife, both looking intensely uncomfortable in European dress; after a while she took off her high buttoned shoes and curled her feet up under her. Later on we had tea together.

When the teams of ricksha men, two jins for each of the four rickshas, came to take us the twenty-five miles to Nikko, our guide Muto would not take one man who limped, but after a long delay we were off in rain and bitter cold that two overcoats and a steamer rug did not keep out. At dusk there was a stop at a tea house, where the girls took off our boots and brought big bronze bowls full of burning charcoal, and tea; we heard geishas and samesins and were just getting comfortable when Muto, followed by the girls with nicely warmed shoes, came and said we must go on. So on we went through dark and driving rain along the long avenue of giant cryptomerias that must have been centuries old, until we came to a great tea house, where we had more tea and stretched our legs wandering about the narrow passages looking into rooms where in some there was gambling, and in others girls were dancing, and to all the *nesans* were carrying bottles of hot sakè.

Down in the kitchen, around the open fire, the jins were finishing their rice and we were soon out in the street three miles long, that led up to Nikko. It was then late and every house was black as pitch. My leader was out of sight, but I could see the regular working of the legs of the shaftman from the light of the oiled paper lantern

which he carried in his hand. At last the long day was over and, after a supper of provisions we carried with us and such native things as we could eat, the girls brought in mattresses which they spread on the floor and we were soon asleep.

Next morning in pajamas, waterproof, and sandals I walked about a hundred yards to the bath house, which was open on three sides. When I arrived there were a couple of women and a boy waiting to see the *tojin* bathe. By signs I induced the old man in charge to close the sliding paper screens, and the women laughed and went away clattering, but the small boy remained and saw it all through a hole he poked in the paper. After a morning spent among the tombs and temples that every visitor to Japan must see we got out of the beaten track, tramping nine miles in mountainous country up to Lake Chiuzenji, where, in a tiny tea house in a deserted hamlet, we had rice and tea, and Muto stuck a salmon on a stick before the open fire and we dined like kings.

The next morning was glorious, but washing in a little wooden tub out on the gallery with the wind blowing down from the snow-clad Shirane mountains was no joke. After breakfast it was still so bitterly cold that I rolled myself in a rug in the bottom of the boat as the men struggled to row us across the lake, only lifting my head above the rail occasionally to enjoy the grandeur of the Shirane peaks and to calculate our chances of getting across. When we finally did land the climb up out of

the old crater, although there was still snow five or six feet deep in the gullies, warmed us thoroughly. Then we walked down valleys that led to other valleys and at last got to the road that runs alongside the Wataresegawa at places one hundred feet above the river. Here we met our jins who had been sent around from Nikko through the lowlands. After tea at sunset we went on through the moonlight to Omana, where we slept the sleep of men who had travelled thirty-seven miles in the mountains, nearly thirty of which, we were told, had been on foot.

After that we went through the silk district and from Maiebashi back to Yokohama to get more provisions, for although Muto was an infidel and was willing to kill chickens, chickens are hard to eat without bread. We found a new guide, Otō, a smart little fellow with rosy cheeks, and James Arthur, the Scot, and one afternoon we, the only Europeans, put to sea on a little old Yankee side-wheeler, *The Golden Gate*, owned by Japs who had rechristened her *Y'Hiroshima*. There was a fine sunset over Fuji, a good dinner, and an entrancing moonrise over the island of Oshima; but I shall never forget the next morning. The bay, where we were tossing at anchor far off shore in a heavy sea and rain squalls, is so shallow that we had to finish the voyage to Yokachi in a junk. The natives in the hold began to be actively seasick, and Arthur stayed below and smoked for his life, but we went on deck and held on for *our* lives while the heavy spray and rain beat on us. But the weary

journey was not over; we had to go in the wind and rain, which kept up all day, out in a half swamped sampan to a still smaller native steamer, and after the trip across the bay had several miles in another junk to the village of Miya, and then four miles in rickshas to Nagoya, where the next day, spent in the feudal castle, still in perfect preservation, and lunch with Kawamoto Musukichi, celebrated for his porcelain, repaid us for the pilgrimage. That night dancing and singing girls that we had engaged came to the inn while we were dining, and as Otō said it was the etiquette of the occasion to invite them to join us, we did so, and found that of the *tojin's* provisions they liked bread and butter the best, but were dead to the charms of cup-custard.

After other adventures, and crossing Lake Biwa, we reached Kioto, the ancient capital, and lodged in an old temple on a hillside turned into a hotel called the Ya-ami, probably the strangest one in the world. Of course, we saw the great temples and monasteries, but tea with Namikawa, the celebrated cloisonné maker, and a visit to his workshops and the purchase of a piece, and the theatres, are what I can best recall. At one of the theatres a low comedian in a farce of modern Japanese life pleased the natives immensely.

One night, sitting in the most respectable looking audience in the largest theatre in Kioto, we saw three historical tragedies, with, as usual in these, most of the characters men and plenty of them in armor. In two of

these plays the hero committed *hari-kari*, with plenty of blood, in the most realistic way. We were surprised to find it all so well done, but were more surprised to be told that there was not a man in the company—that every part was being played by a woman. Arthur arranged through the guide and a bribe for us to go "behind." I had known a fellow whose father ran a theatre and had seen a good deal of what things looked like behind the scenes—the silly women in the *Black Crook*, the endless rehearsals of *Pinafore*, and have been often enough since, have seen Ellen Terry sitting on a kitchen chair, and sat on one in the wings myself through a long tiresome evening, and Dr. Jekyll has shown me how he made the change to Mr. Hyde, but I have never seen anything so strange as the star of this theatre in her dressing-room preparing for the part of a warrior-hero, and putting on a man's scalp with topknot over her own hair neatly and closely wound around her head, and the other unusual scenes there. The whole place was dimly lighted and cavernous and weird. In the dark, narrow passages running from the many little dressing-rooms we were astonished to meet naked women running with towels in their hands, who squealed with surprise when they bumped into us, not, apparently, on account of their costume, or rather lack of it, but because of the shock of unexpectedly coming suddenly in the dark upon three strange beings in foreign dress *and shoes*, and keeping on, all toward the same place, which we found, the

strangest and most novel sight of all, to be a room with a great tank of steaming water in which those who had acted in the tragedy which we had just seen finished were already splashing. The experts tells us that the manners and customs of Japan when opened to the western world were found to be on about a par with those of the ancient Persians and Greeks; if so, here was a glimpse into the past, for these people thought what they were doing was nothing unusual, as in the tankroom, where there was light, there was no more display of fear or concern or any evidence that the proceeding was unusual than is shown at any club or casino pool at the seashore at home. The plays were serious and the players dignified and there was no suggestion of frivolity anywhere about the place. The scenery was good and handled in much the same way as in our own theatres.

Of course, we made the trip where it takes you several hours to get up into the hills and you have an exciting trip back through fifteen miles of rapids in a little over an hour. We didn't go to Nara because we spent some days at Osaka and Kobé looking into the leather and paper business, but we had a good day's run back to Yokohama on the *Yarashima*, a smart little native steamer, among the exquisite little islands, and the next we passed through fishermen and close to Shimoda and the islands of Yosima and Oshima, the latter with its volcano smoking.

After four days in Tokio we felt the call of the wild again, so Al. and I, with Otō and four rickshas and eight

jins, left one day to make the great circle around Fuji. In the fourth ricksha we had some clothes and a supply of bread, sugar, and other things, for we were going off into a part of the country seldom visited by Europeans; in fact, we found in some villages, where everyone turned out to look at us, that they had not seen a European for over a year. Our provisions gave out and we lived the last three days on rice, raw fish, eggs, and old hens—when we could get them.

Our first night at Hatchioji all the guests of the best inn in the place bathed and walked about unconcernedly in the costume of Adam and Eve. We found at the other out of the way villages that this and other more startling customs of the old days, such as men and women bathing in the same tank, were still in vogue. In each village at night the samurai policeman would take away our passports and the innkeeper was held responsible for our safety until they were returned the next morning. And we were never out of sight of some one appointed to keep an eye on us.

We went on for several days, and bucked up the Kobotaku Pass, where going down the other side Al. tobogganed down a washout through soft clay, and at other bad places we had to help drag the rickshas; had the great view of Fuji and the Kamagatoko mountains from the especially killing Sasago Pass; and at Ishima, where there was a landslide that destroyed the mountain road for seven miles, we had to hire extra men and take the

rickshas apart and carry the parts up hill and down dale, and through water and forest. And that night when we reached Kofu we rested our weary limbs in the Long Life Inn.

Next day we had a great rest, for we and our outfit were loaded in a boat made of boards sewed together, and for eight hours, often through boiling rapids, went down the Fujikawa to the sea. It was a thrilling experience and the views of Fuji were splendid, so that we were sorry when we reached the great bridge at Iwabuchi, where the Tokaido, the great imperial highway, crosses the river.

After sayonaras and kowtows from our boatmen we bowled along the Tokaido in the rickshas to Hara, and were thankful to have even a purely Jap dinner. There was a comical experience the next morning when news spread about the village that *the* horse was to be harnessed. Crowds gathered; an old rickety wagon was brought around, and although there was no sign of a horse, we were told to get in *and hold tight.* Finally four panic-stricken men appeared holding a shaggy pony, and as they held him, others stealthily drew up the wagon and slipped the shafts over him. Pony plunged and, as soon as the traces were fast, shot off, head down, at a gallop and kept it up for three miles. A man ran at his head all the way and a horn was kept tooting to warn the populace.

In the following days we reached the great temple of Mishima-mio-gin and climbed the ten-mile stone stairway

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN *"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."*

up the hills to Hakone, and crossed the lake and over the desolate moors to Ubago, where men and women *au naturel* were soaking in sulphur springs, and through the desolate and diabolical valley of Ojigoku where smoke and powerful fumes filled the air. And we rested at gay Miyanoshita, and thought the Fujiya Hotel, with several white people staying in it, the acme of civilization. And the last day, so my diary says (but I don't believe it or Otō was wrong), I walked what Otō said was twelve miles down the splendid road that runs to Odawara in one hour and fifty minutes; and when Al. and Otō caught up to me with the rickshas I climbed into mine and we went down to Kodzu and had tiffin in a tea house by the sea and loafed in the afternoon and played go-bang with the innkeeper's pretty little daughter. And we spent a day at Kamakura, where John La Farge had been the year before and sketched the statue of Buddha and Al. photographed the great bronze—all that was left of an immense city destroyed centuries ago.

After more days in Yokohama and Tokio we made the dreary fifteen day run in the *Oceanic* by the great circle, going within two hundred miles of the Aleutians; and Ismay's letter worked like a charm, but did not prevent Captain Metcalf giving us as a sort of Greek calendar of two Sundays together in one week when we gained the extra day in the middle of the Pacific.

A WAR BRIDE OF THE 'SIXTIES.

(*Captain and Mrs. Blunt*).

IX

ARCADY

When the Governor met us at Broad Street Station he let off affectionate steam, and exclaimed, "The same old boys!" I felt as though we should look at least a foot taller—the station certainly looked smaller. When, some years before, I had seen an old woman at the second-story window of a house on the south side of Filbert Street waving a flag and singing "Hold the Fort" while workmen were tearing down the house about her ears to make room for the new station I had thought that Philadelphia was a most go-ahead place. And when "Dicky" Jones, on the morning when trains first ran into the station, made a speech to the school and said that at last we lived in a metropolis, I still thought he was right. But after I had told the Governor that the trip had cost him nearly five times what the *Surf* would have—which he no doubt already knew—and had with some pride offered to show him the scientific account I had kept of the expenses, and he had declined and only said: "Is there any change?" (there wasn't) and all the excitement of

getting back was over, Philadelphia seemed—well, more Philadelphian than ever. I have lived fifty years here, and love the old place, but it was humdrum and there was an air about it that unkind people might have called provincial. Something of this spirit still exists; it is, I think, shown at its best in the remark of a friend who, when we were talking of summer homes, said he preferred to go where Philadelphians congregated.

In those days there was, to be sure, the McCaull Opera Company and Marie Jansen at the South Broad, and the newly born Art Club, but still it did seem quiet. There was a living to be earned, however, and work was waiting. We had hardly settled down at business when the corps of skilled printers of etchings and other intaglio plates were ordered by the union to strike, not because the pay wasn't perfectly satisfactory, but because objection was made to the number of apprentices in training. It was like cutting off blood to the heart, for these prints were vital to the business, the rest of which must die if without them. So I acted as an apprentice, and with a few faithfuls worked for about six months, part of the time under police protection. Having already learned something of composition and typo-printing, most of which, like school learning, I have forgotten, I thus had some practical knowledge of the mechanical part of publishing before I came to take the more serious work of marketing the product, which is certainly much more difficult. I suppose keeping up any sales organization, especially one with branches scattered

THE VOLANTE.

about the country, is like a perpetual political campaign in which the candidate has to be constantly on the move. After these United States have been seen several times they pall on one: well, no doubt there are drawbacks to every business.

My first boyish thoughts on matrimony were comical; I had driven down to Parr's Bank and drawn one hundred pounds sterling of the Governor's hard-earned money, gone back to the hotel for my mother and, as she "hadn't a stitch for her back fit to wear," gave her the best part of it, drove out to Regent Street, and set her down there. As the hansom bowled away with me it occurred to me that the responsibilities of being married were pretty serious.

I forgot all about that part of it, however, some years later. Long rides at Fort Griswold—habits must have been responsible for many engagements—moonlight on her father's yacht, and *she*, Eugenia, daughter of Captain Edmund Blunt, U. S. A., descended from William Blunt, who settled at Andover in 1634, and from Mary, sister of Sir William Pepperill, the hero of Louisburg, probably drove everything else from my mind. What won't people do at such times! Among other things I drove, *tandem*, down sleepy Broadway, across the Brooklyn Bridge, to 100 Columbia Heights, just to take her for a little drive in Prospect Park before going on to Philadelphia. In those days the old Annex Ferry from Brooklyn to Jersey City saved me the drive back over the bridge.

So, in December of 1890, the *Cienfuegos* carried us off in a deck stateroom that was a bower made of roses and yards of smilax. Captain Wall, who sat us at his table opposite General Porter, and who called us "the turtle doves," was a happy, honest old sailor whose wit never deserted him; one day asking us what I was reading aloud, he was staggered for a moment when I told him Homer's *Odyssey* (Carnarvon's translation), but he came bravely to, slapped his leg, and cried: "A very good book, and by a very good author!" He gave us a slashing good sail in his whaleboat at Nassau, thought I was a hero when he would find me having the hose turned on me out on the after-deck in the early mornings, and had us up on the bridge as we went into Santiago. Peace to his ashes!

What a morning it was when we went on deck that day; the engines were silent and we were lying motionless in perfectly smooth water off the high, rocky coast. A light northerly breeze was, at first glance, apparently bringing a little square rigger right out of the rocky cliff. We found that this was the entrance to Santiago harbor and that the almost invisible entrance was so narrow that we were waiting until the outcoming vessel should be clear. Finally there was a signal from the old weather-beaten Morro and we passed in through a narrow and winding passage, so close to the sentries in the castle that we could see the whites of their eyes, and under the overhanging trees which Michael Scott, in *Tom Cringle's Log*, describes as fouling the yardarms of the *Firebrand*. Soon

ÉTRETAT.

we were in the large, lake-like, and almost empty harbor, in the middle of which we anchored to discharge powder.

Santiago, in those days under Spanish rule, seemed like a city of Don Quixote's time. When we presented our letter of introduction to Reimer, the United States consul, he showed us about his queer place, where a cow chewed her cud in the little courtyard and his saddled horse champed at the bit on the high stone veranda. Up on the little plaza opposite the cathedral was a veritable old Spanish inn with a court surrounded by a gallery, on which opened bedrooms with old four-poster beds, which called itself the Restaurant La Venus, where we had a splendid lunch with heavy Spanish wine and a siesta until four.

Then in a *volante*, which is a two-wheeled, hooded gig with very wide axle and long flexible shafts with two horses, only one of which is in the shafts, the other being ridden by the driver or postilion, and escorted by Reimer and the French consul on their horses, we drove into the country about five miles, where we stopped at the country place of Signor Don Dauger, who had seven or eight daughters, some of whom were pretty. There we stayed until twilight gossiping in Anglo-French, drinking sweet malaga, and wandering about in the banana groves and pineapple fields, and then drove back to town. As Reimer had a dinner and poker party for that night, we dined at La Venus among officers of the Spanish garrison, and struck up in more Anglo-French an acquaintance with a

jovial, ruddy-faced old Spaniard, Signor Don Santiago Guitterez y Meneses, who insisted that we should visit him. We allowed him to persuade us to stay to listen to the music that was to be in the plaza, but a sprinkle of rain kept the band away, so we went down through the dark, dismal mediæval-like streets to the boat landing and back on board without more adventure other than being challenged as we passed one of the two little Spanish gunboats.

There was a farewell luncheon with Mr. Ramsden, the British consul, who saluted us with the Union Jack from his villa on the bay as we passed out. The lazy days passed, and we had adventures at Cienfuegos, Batabano, and Havana, where in order not to be dull we went to the Hotel Ingleterra on the plaza and, to make assurance doubly sure, asked for front rooms and got them, never realizing that the gay portion of the population of Havana only sleep in daytime and that our nights would be made miserable. Then I discovered that although honeymoons may last a lifetime, wedding journeys must have an end, so I went back to work.

Some writer in the dim future, looking up the history of mankind in the last half of the nineteenth century, impressed by the number of exhibitions that flourished during that period, will probably call it "the age of expositions," and when we recall the number of them it does seem as though the perspective of time will justify him. I saw most of them, and we published elaborate books

Guillermo Campana

(WILLIAM BELL IN MIDDLE AGE).

about five of them. They, that is the expositions, must have done splendid educational work, and perhaps, in a modest way, the books we made may have supplemented this. The Governor, who had always taken a keen interest in these expositions and had made a series of volumes on those held in Paris in 1878 and 1889, as well as that of the Centennial, before I was very long back at work, made a contract, under heavy bond, with the authorities of the coming Chicago exposition to make and have ready on the opening day an illustrated catalogue of the paintings and sculpture, and also arranged to publish an important and expensive series on the whole show. In order to be able to do this he had to send a couple of men to Europe to photograph the exhibits as they were gathered in the various capitals. These men covered Europe from London to Rome, Moscow to Madrid. By the way, one of them was William Bell, an old Philadelphia photographer and an expert. He was a good old soul and a character; had been, long ago, sent by the government to South America with an expedition to photograph an eclipse, or a comet, and had picked up a few words of Spanish. *Huevos fritos* was his cuss word, and he liked to sign himself "Guillermo Campana," which is, of course, the Spanish equivalent of his name.

I went over to Paris in the summer of 1892 to look into a new process of plate making just invented by Lumière and to make some preliminary arrangements.

At that time we were publishing a large illustrated work on the army and navy, so I took advantage of the opportunity to see Édouard Detaille and some of the other military painters about doing some work on it for us. I was several times in Detaille's studio, a miniature arsenal, in the Boulevard Malesherbes talking it over with him, and he showed some anxiety to do things with redskins in them, but one day he came to the L'Athénée and told me that he had been unable to get permission from Boussod, Valadon et Cie, the successors to Goupil et Cie. Here I learned of one of the many tricks of the painters' trade, or perhaps it would be more correct to say picture dealers' trade, as then managed: Goupil would make an arrangement with a promising painter that he should turn over all his work to them at certain prices. This bargain or some similar one made, they "boosted" him in *Figaro Illustré* by reproductions of his work in colors, and so created a vogue for his work. It was clever, and no doubt profitable for both, but I wonder if it was good for painting. The subjects, of course, had to be popular and had to be such as reproduce well. Another aspect of the art of getting rid of pictures was shown me one night at his house by Charles Sprague Pearce, who told me that one advantage that he and other American painters over there who had passed their student days gained by still living in Paris was a better market and better prices for their work—the public at home often would not buy at any price what they were eager to get in Paris.

ERNEST HÉBERT.

Photographed by Madame Hébert.

Meeting Detaille was the beginning of a close acquaintance with many French painters, illustrators, and etchers that taught me other secrets of their trade—for after all, in many cases, alas! it becomes a trade or business, rather than a profession. And, alack! not very different from very many other vocations in that it is not always merit that wins the official rewards of fame—and money, for there is a world of intrigue and politics in it. Nevertheless, it is, over there, an intensely interesting world of itself where I found that the fame, wealth, or poverty of the individual makes no difference in the pleasure of the stranger from Philistia who finds his way there—if his Philistinism is not too obvious.

We had been in touch with French painters and etchers for some years, so that when it became noised about in the studios that I was over there with a barr'l of American dollars I was besieged. One day, in the kindness of his heart, Will Low of Barbizon, then living at Neuilly, who had himself known what it was to suffer hard luck in a strange country, brought to me a young man, William Kline, who had been, or was, one of his pupils, and asked me to do something for him. Most of the work we then had to offer was best suited for the hands of Frenchmen—for example, the thousands of full-page plates for our editions of Balzac and other similar works could best be drawn and etched by men who knew the ground and the period so that there had been little that we could offer Americans. But I happened to be able to

give him something to do and bought from him an oil which he had brought to show me as an example of his work. This canvas, some washerwomen outside a wall in the City of Mexico, the gay dome of a church soaring above in a blue sky, was so fresh in color and spirited in drawing that I thought it full of promise. I have not kept track of Kline's work—he followed in the footsteps of his master and took up mural painting—and he may have fulfilled the promise I thought I saw in this early work, but how often it must happen otherwise, and hopes are not fulfilled. I can recall a number of such disappointments. And some fulfilments, none of which, however, seem to make it plain just why sketches and *maquettes* have always seemed more interesting than completed paintings finished from them—perhaps because of this promise, too often a rainbow one, to be found in them. Painters themselves must have somewhat the same feeling about them for I have often found that they cherish them where they are indifferent about the finished thing.

There was a holiday in sunny Normandy. I suppose no one who has ever known the calm of Étretat, bathed at Trouville, seen the bustle of the race crowd at Deauville, played tennis in the club at Cabourg, dined in the little inn that calls itself the Hôtel Guillaume-le-Conquérant at Dives, or eaten an omelette cooked by Madame Poulard, *ainée*, at Mont Saint-Michel, will ever forget it; although as far as the omelette goes I think old Monsieur

THE NEWSPAPER CARTOONIST'S IDEA OF HOW COMMODORE CLEMENT A. GRISCOM, C. Y. C., AND REAR-COMMODORE ROBERT BARRIE (WEIGHT 145 POUNDS) SHOULD APPEAR.

HOW THEY REALLY DID APPEAR.

Bezaudun in his Hôtel de la Louisiane in the old French quarter in New Orleans, or even the cook in the little French Hôtel Galvez that used to be in Galveston, could beat La Poulard. At Havre I found *La Touraine* was under command of Captain Franguell, then senior captain of the fleet, who had played bezique with the Pargouds at our house; the jolly old salt had me sit at his table and the voyage home was a cheerful one.

After spending some time in Chicago at the half completed exposition grounds, where I met Frank Millet, Blashfield, and, I think, Kenyon Cox, and some others who were doing decorations, I went back to Paris, wife and baby with me, and arrived at the Gare St. Lazare at three o'clock on a bitterly cold January morning. Porters were scarce and there were no carriages; it was so late that the door of the short-cut into the Hôtel Terminus was locked, so we had to follow the porter all the way around the big station to the front entrance. It seems amusing to look back on, but it was no joke at the time: I started carrying the baby horizontally in front of me; she became heavier and heavier, and my arms ached so that I thought I would drop her, but she was so wrapped up in a steamer rug that I could not tell which end was the head and did not dare change for fear of holding her upside down. Cramped and tired I slept 'till the next noon. Here let me say that I found the ways of young mothers are inscrutable; when we went to live in the rue Boccador, at the corner next the Avenue de l'Alma, where we stayed

for six months, she grew jealous of the nurse we had for the baby, not on my account, for the bonne was very ugly, but because the baby was monopolized by her!

In my box of old letters and visiting cards of this time I find one reading: *Mr. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, Envoyé Extraordinaire et Ministre Plénipotentaire des Etats-Unis d'Amerique, 58 Avenue Marceau*, who was, later on, joint high commissioner in the dispute with Great Britain in 1898, a reminder of the first and only time an ambassador returned my call. Of course, his rank was really only that of minister, but the courtesy to a youngster of twenty-seven was none the less unusual. In the same box I find these lines:

> 9, Rue de Bassano.
>
> Here is the document you want. When you are free drop in and see me here at the house on a Sunday afternoon after four o'clock. I am always at home on Sundays.
>
> T. S.
>
> January 24th.

Which recall the beginning of an active eight months. They were from Theodore Stanton, who was the resident commissioner for the exposition authorities and is now, I think, Paris correspondent for *The Dial*. The document referred to was a letter of introduction confirming others setting forth our official relations with the exposition. Armed with these and one from Henry Vignaud, of the Legation, I unwound a lot of red tape with the Ministère des Beaux-Arts and finally succeeded in getting

GÉRÔME IN HIS STUDIO.

Painted by himself.

permission to have the French exhibits photographed before they were shipped to Chicago. After that there were a good many cold mornings spent in the old Salon building running over the canvases stacked there to select subjects for reproduction, while snow sifted down through the skylights and I stood stamping my icy feet while the photographers made the exposures. And there were innumerable visits urging on etchers, lithographers, plate makers, block makers, and illustrators to greater speed, and to get from the painters permission to have their work reproduced or learn from them what was the best thing to do.

It was certainly active work, for these painters and etchers were not, as a good many people suppose, grouped in any one neighborhood. It is, of course, true that many favor certain localities, such as the Montmartre district, where I found Henner, L'Hermitte, Gérôme, Lévy, Zorn, and Hébert, patriarch of them all, and many others; and there was the Latin quarter where there were various sub-divisions of groups, such as that in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, where I found close together Henri Lefort, and Bouguereau with his satelites, the two Elizabeths—Gardner and Nourse, and Mary Cassatt; or others like Van Muyden and Paul Avril on the quais, and Fritz Thaulow, Adolphe Lalauze, and Ricardo de los Rios on the quaint little eighteenth century Ile Saint-Louis; or that of Carrier-Belleuse, Hagborg, Duez, Delort, and Couturier in the Boulevard Berthier. All these, and

those like Julius Stewart and the two Alberts—Lynch and Edelfeldt, and the two Jans—Béraud and Van Beers in the Champs-Élysées district, were comparatively convenient, but the studios are scattered everywhere, except perhaps in the Bastille district, and there were long and often cold trips to see Dagnan-Bouveret, Henri Motte, Albert Aublet, Gustave Courtois, and others living at Neuilly, and to others who secreted themselves still farther on the outskirts of Paris, and journeys into the country to be made.

A lot of the men I met, then celebrated and famous, are nowadays looked on as out of date and their work as *pompier*, but I am glad I met them—and would a great deal rather meet them again, in Hades, or wherever it is going to be, than the cubists. I would especially like to know what the great Gérôme thinks of the cubists. He received me with the dignity of a Spaniard—he looked very much like one—and the politeness of a Frenchman, and was at first a little chilly, but when he learned that I had been in the East he thawed out, and when I left came with me to the door, saying I must be sure to see Algiers. Bouguereau, fat, soiled, and crumby, was painstaking in a heavy phlegmatic way and hauled out a lot of canvases to show me; Henri Lévy was at first a little hurried and perhaps a little brusque, probably because he had a class and the nude model standing on a plain wooden stand alongside a most commonplace red-hot stove was costing money, but on another visit he was affable and

SINIBALDI'S *"SUMMER EVENING."*

generous—gave me a sketch made from the model for his *Eurydice* and an autograph portrait; Maurice de Brunoff, when he took me to the Passage Stanislas to meet Carolus-Duran, warned me that he was a great poseur but of good heart, and not to mind the posing, and I found the great man just that; he also offered to take me to meet Whistler, but I never went, as some unreasoning prejudice against the man—not the artist—foolishly kept me away. I saw Whistler again on the rue de Seine, looking more prosperous, but also, in my eyes, more than ever the legendary cynic; François Flameng gave me a copy of the portraits of himself and Sargent on one canvas painted by Sargent; Rochegrosse received me in an enormous chantier, where he painted his *Fall of Babylon*—the largest canvas, I think, that I ever saw; Kaemmerer was full of business, and De Monvel in a dreamy trance; Maurice Leloir was interested in America and gossiped while his powdered model, in grande dame costume, gazed at the man from the far off wilds of the new world; Julius L. Stewart was then just beginning the series of nudes which followed his string of afternoon teas and balls, and was proud of his models. It was curious how differently painters would act about models; when you called there would always, of course, be a "rest," in some cases the model disappeared behind a screen, in others, more especially among the lesser men of the south side, they floated about and listened to the conversation. The great majority of these men were as

modest about their work as well-bred people are in any other profession. Boldini, to be sure, frankly assured me that he was convinced that his things would form the *clou* to the whole Italian section at Chicago, but perhaps this was merely the candor of sunny Italy. Zorn, with whom, by the way, I made a trade for a signed impression of his *Renan*, felt pretty much the same way as Boldini about his work; well, they were both justified.

I had a lot of fun trading for, or buying, things of no great value, but still interesting. Madeleine Lemaire, Maurice Leloir, Ernest Duez, Adrien Moreau, Charles Delort, Albert Fourié, Henri Lefort, president of the society of French etchers, who gave me an impression of his composite *Washington* inscribed with "*Hommage, etc.*," and a great many others, led by an uncalled-for feeling of being under obligation, gave me sketches and proofs that may have been unconsidered trifles in their eyes, but are now souvenirs that take me back to an interesting experience. Among the younger men who did this was Paul Sinibaldi, who did some work for us, and who when I left gave me an oil sketch which he dedicated "*A mon Juif, Mr. Robert Barrie*," which was the cheerful joker's way of telling me that I had never overpaid him. André Castaigne, with the same purpose, as he explained, once had his joke on me by painting my head on the shoulders of a *poor* private.

To find Paul in those days you went in under a great archway in the Boulevard du Montparnasse where there

WHISTLER IN LATER DAYS.

From the etching by Helleu.

was a big "45" overhead and back through a court cluttered up with the monstrous failures, one a hideous green, of some poor sculptor, and up a stair and knocked on a black door, and after a loud "*Entrez!*" you went in, and the great tall and big fellow, in his old sweater, would come forward with a smile and outstretched hand and say, "Good-bye!"—his only English—and then relapse into his mother tongue. At that time he had painted his *Manon Lescaut* and was at work on his *Aurore* with the girls in the foreground and the ghost-like chasseurs down on the plain by the Marne; and I, and Georges Scott, and the others who used to come to the studio, thought then that he would become great and famous, but in 1900 when I went back he was painting his *Summer Evening*, without the chasseurs but with the same girls, or others very much like the other models, and putting in the same Marne, so I think he only became happy. He then had a wife and children in a most up to date apartment, with electric elevator and *l'air calorifé*, in the Avenue de Tourville.

Near Sinibaldi's was a very little, very good, and very cheap restaurant, Les Phares de l'Ouest, where I used to lunch after a morning at the near-by plate and block makers' places, and where students and models, more like those to be seen in the days before the quartier thought it necessary to change the name of the Boulevard d'Enfer, used to congregate. It was purely French; of a Frenchness greatly exceeding Lavenue's across the place, where English was to be heard. Here I met Louis Marold and

some of the younger men. Marold had a little studio not far away in the Boulevard Raspail, with a tiny kitchen where he used to cook his midday goulash when he didn't go home for it—and where he hid his model when callers came. He was a nice fellow and I felt the world had lost an able one when his wife, *née* Zdenka Makovskâ, sent me her *lettre de deuil* from Prague in 1898.

A few steps further on, in the Impasse Boissonade, in the coquettish little nest of studios surrounding a little garden and fountain was the pleasant studio, with a large window overlooking the gardens of the Hospice des Enfants Assistés and of a large convent, of Auguste-François Gorguet, who did a lot of work for us, and where other young painters used to gather. Gorguet was very clever with the nude, using as models young Italian or Provençal girls. He painted full-length portraits (one of which I bought) of most of them in the "altogether," and repainted these grouped in his *Paphos*. Afraid of offending the supposed Puritanical spirit of America he had painted the prettiest of these—"wasted her" as he put it—as a madonna, which he called *Contemplation* and sent to Chicago, but without any marked success. I see, however, that now he has a string of medals, is a chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur, and Hors Concours. It was in his studio, I think, that I met Georges Scott, a very clever illustrator. Scott married Mlle. Nelly Martyl, a charming singer of the Opéra-Comique, and after the ceremony there was a most unusual surprise reception

GEORGES SCOTT AND HIS BRIDE WITH MEMBERS OF THE SURPRISE PARTY.

given by his friends, headed by Édouard Detaille, all in costume, at Scott's atelier in the rue Denfert-Rochereau. All of which was duly "featured" by his old friend René Baschet in *L'Illustration.*

Yes they play, these Frenchmen, but they also work hard, and in the quartier just as hard as elsewhere—when they do work. My experiences there proved to me that the painters certainly do not lead the wildest of lives or that their morals are very different from those of other people, or that their Bohemianism was other than that forced upon them by circumstances, generally financial. The novelists capitalize the glamor of the vie de Bohème there, and it is true that there are voyages en Cythère, but I found these men usually of a sobriety in life and thought that was rather remarkable. The poetic feeling, so strong among them, showed itself in unaffected and unconscious ways.

Life over there taught me that the women of France and America, as types, have each their own distinctive charms, and the balance between them hangs very nearly equal, so even, indeed, that it is only in individuals that the difference can be determined. One great quality, of course, that the French woman has is that while she may very often be artistic to her finger tips she has at the same time a genius for thrift and an astounding flair for business. The French man very often has the artistic spirit and may lack the "sense" of business that the American admires so much, but, after all, there is

not a great difference between the business men and artists of America and those of France. Where there is a great, very great, difference between the peoples of the two countries is in the class that we look upon as workmen—perhaps a better word would be artisans. The artisan at Dujardin's or Rougeron's might not, indeed very often did not, appear promptly on Monday mornings, or even until Tuesday, but he generally worked energetically, and with a vim and élan, when he was at work. And even the humblest seemed to display a most intelligent interest in the work I had for them.

A typical example was that of an old and poor engraver of lettering, which is the handmaiden of all the arts that have to do with engraving. Alàry, designer for the Banque de France, who had designed the lettering of a large title page for me, sent me to an address up behind the Collège de France where, in an old black narrow street and up a mediæval winding stone staircase, I found old, indeed very old, Monsieur Cackebeck, who had done engraving for the bank in years gone-by, but was now much too old to go out to work and who now made what I suppose must have been pitiably small earnings by engraving at home such few jobs of lettering as are nowadays wanted. The place was tiny and he seemed to my mind like a prisoner, say of the Bastille; certainly with his flowing white beard and antique clothes he filled the part to perfection. Yet in spite of his years and his prisoner- or hermit-like existence this old Frenchman,

BOUGUEREAU.

DETAILLE.

humblest worker in the arts, displayed the keenest interest in the work I proposed to him, and showed, too, in a cheerful, courteous way a most intelligent interest in the exposition and the work I was doing in connection with it. I feel very certain that anyone who has had to do with the true life of the French people must have noticed this great difference.

This thought reminds me that the reading of some French novels before I went to France as a youngster had given me, as I think it is bound to do unless leavened by some knowledge of French life gained at first hand, the utterly false impression, shared probably with multitudes of persons who have not lived and worked in France, that a very large proportion of the people there are frivolous or debased. Even a great artist like Zola, unless read with an understanding of the fact that, like a scientist, he dissects under a microscope a very small portion, and that often diseased, of the body of the French people, is bound to mislead. Even the tourist is misled by journals such as *La Vie Parisienne*, or by surface conditions, such as the Moulin Rouge, the Casino de Paris, the Moulin de la Galette, and is prone to think so. These places, and the cabarets and café chantants, the theatres of high and low degree should, of course, be seen by everyone—if seen with eyes that have also seen not only Fontainebleau and Versailles, Compiègne and Pierrefonds, Chantilly and Malmaison, Saint-Germain, the Louvre and the Luxembourg, Cluny and Carnavalet, but also the workshops and the people in them; for all work and no play make Jack. . . .

We played too. Baschet *père*, who published the illustrated catalogues of the Salon, sent us a card for varnishing day, where we saw the personages, and afterward tried to déjeuner at Ledoyen's, but couldn't get a table, so had to go to another establishment nearby, where, as Montaigne said of certain *donne* of Rome, "they charged extortionately." Then we all thought we had to hear Aristide Bruant, and I had to have my paper-covered copy of *Dans la Rue*, with Steinlen's illustrations, which I still have—neglected. At the Chat Noir, after the guests were gone one night, we saw Rudolphe Salis in the very plebeian act of going about to the tables picking up neglected dominoes of sugar. In those days, too, the Parisians still believed in the fêtes of Mi-Carême, and the bals masqués at the Opéra still had vim and snap, and the costumes and their wearers an *abandon* that a more sedate Paris not long after allowed to languish and die. We were invited to one of them, went at midnight, stayed until after the battle of confetti and spiralle at three, were then carried off with a large party to supper at a friend's house, where the festivities lasted until daylight, and drove home as the milk-carts were rumbling up the rue Boccador.

There were other balls, and at one of them occurred the adventure of the black tie. At a ball at the Hôtel de Ville we had found to our surprise that people of all sorts and conditions, from maires to petty office-holders and their wives were there, and that the dress was as varied as the company. So when Baschet got for us an

PAPHOS.

Painted by Auguste-François Gorguet.

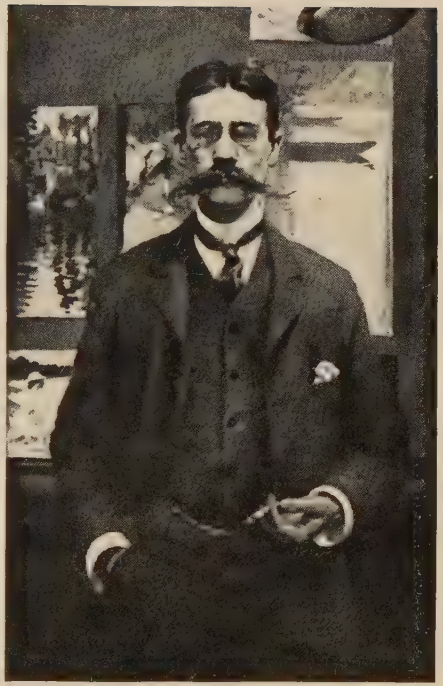
invitation to a ball at the Élysée I supposed it would be pretty much the same sort of an affair, and when dressing, in a fit of economy, put on a black tie. Of course, my wife when she saw it said I must change, because, I supposed, for the reason that she had on her best evening gown, but I was obstinate and hurried, and said it was "good enough for them."

When we arrived it became evident, with ambassadors galore, that the élite of Paris was there. We were caught in a great crush; the stream moving us slowly through endless corridors to the escalier d'honneur. Imagine the consternation when half way up it a magnificent huissier whispered to me: "Pardon, Monsieur, but one cannot enter with a black tie." There was nothing to do but obey this angel with the flaming sword and make our way back to the coatrooms where, after explanation, a footman led me through endless underground passages until we came to his room where I exchanged *un pièce de cent sous* for a white tie.

So we finally reached the entrance to the grand salon where the president was receiving. Here fate was again against us, for there was an interruption of some sort, and the major-domo had great difficulty in understanding my name and had to have it repeated several times, so that when at last he shouted, "*Monsieur et Madame Parré!*" the delay had caused a great long gap in the stream, so that when we entered the enormous room, now empty except for the presidential party and a suite of a dozen

gorgeous generals, I felt as though the eyes of the whole world were gazing on us alone. I bowed to Madame Carnot and she shook hands with my wife; then a bow to Carnot, but he would have none of it and insisted on shaking hands with both of us. Determined to end the matter I polished off the generals with one bow for the lot, and we marched away with as much dignity as possible. We then danced and supped and enjoyed the rest of the evening immensely, and said, as has often been repeated since Sterne's day, that they do these things very well in France. But I have never again economized on white ties.

We were young and light-hearted then and the world seemed a very gay place. Nothing came amiss to us: from heavy *Ruy Blas* at the Comédie Française down to frisky Réjane in *Lysistrata;* from afternoon-tea in Bridgman's elaborate studio in the Boulevard Malesherbes or a very formal dinner in the rue de Luxembourg to the Abbey de Thelème or the Rat Mort; from the Opéra-Comique to the naughty revues; or from Voisin's or the Café de Paris to a chop-and-kidney at a jockey's rendezvous—all were the same to us. So in an Arcady where life was bright we bowled along the smooth, level road of youth on high, careless of the dim future with its steep hills of middle age when you must shift back into second, or of the rocky places of old age near the summit that force us back into the hard grind of low.



WILLIAM WALTON.

From the painting by J. Carroll Beckwith.

J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

X

CHIT-CHAT

THE trained writer, I suppose, can set himself almost any subject and bustle along in an assumed spontaneous way that is cunningly deceptive, while a poor amateur, such as myself, can, I find, only jot down the rambling thoughts as they choose to come along. When I started this little book I thought a good part of it was going to be about boats and cruising, but it has turned out quite different. And when I began this chapter I set down *Ars et labore* as a heading, thinking that it was going to be all about the art and industry of the French people as exemplified in their greatest of expositions, but scratched it out when I found that the little that my mental equipment and poverty of expression gave could be of no importance to anyone but myself. And then, when I thought the chapter would be something about my work over there, I decided to change it to *Labore et ars*, if that should be good Latin, for, of course, there was more labor than skill in my activities. Now that I have reread it, I see that neither will do, for I find that it is only some chit-chat about some

passers-by and a few of some scores of old friends, so many, alas! now gone that it may seem as though, with old "Goldie," I "have friendships only with the dead!"

In the winter of 1899 I went over to see what progress was being made with the exposition to be held the next year, where we were going to exhibit our wares, and to decide whether we should publish a series about it. When I went down to dinner the first night on the old *St. Paul*, the second steward, to my surprise, told me that the captain had had a letter from Mr. Griscom, who was then president of the line, asking a place at his table for a former fellow flag-officer. There was a thoughtful commodore, such as few yacht clubs have had, a fact "which nobody"—especially those who have eaten reedbirds and grilled oysters on the old *Alert*—"can deny!"

I found the table was one of the little ones in an alcove on the port side of the saloon, and that the others there were a Mrs. Roosevelt and her daughter, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, who had a small daughter, John Jacob Astor, and that Mrs. Astor who was Miss Willing, and one of the chosen people who had with him a rag, a bone, and a great hank of hair that *looked* golden. The next morning when it was a bit fresh and Captain Jamison, a fine, frank unassuming sea-dog, and I were alone at breakfast he asked me if I knew who they were and how they got there. I told him who they were, but he had to ask the steward about the rest of it. The steward made the gesture of taking money in a hand held behind his back

and said: "Well, you know . . .," and Jamison laughed. Mrs. Astor surprised me by her interest in old books and asked me about the dealers in Paris—Damascène Morgand and some of the others may owe me commissions for having given their addresses. I have seldom seen in one human being a stranger mixture of absolutely opposite traits than were to be seen in John Jacob—one side of his character gravely interested in serious matters, with a strong leaning toward mechanics, the other, so it seemed, almost foolishly frivolous—before the hank, for example. He showed his true metal, however, when with Frank Millet and the other noblemen on the deck of the *Titanic* he stood aside while the women and children went first.

After a few days in London I crossed and found that Paris had not only acquired a new Maxim's but had taken on added beauties in the two fine new palais for the fine arts, had also acquired a sea of mud, a multitude of unfinished buildings, some very ugly, and was suffering from turmoil that it seemed could not possibly be conquered by May. However, I made my arrangements, caught the *St. Louis* at Cherbourg, and also caught a February northwest gale as we neared home that drove us off our course sixty miles in a night.

The next month William Walton, who was to write for us, and I went over on the *Kaiserin Maria Theresia.* On board her we found Elmer Garnsey, who had painted the interior decorations for the United States pavilion (and got medals for them), and who was going over to see

them put in place. One evening while we were at dinner the *Maria* carried away her steam steering gear. It was so rough that two men got broken arms or legs, and several were knocked out trying to keep her on her course with the hand wheels, but this was abandoned and we lay all night wallowing in the trough of the sea. Next morning Polack, the chief officer, a powerful Polish giant, who afterward got command of the *Kronprinzessen Cecilie* and brought her back very skilfully to Bar Harbor in 1914, did some daring work among his men while getting heavy tackles from the tiller to steam-winches, and steered her, by signals from the forward to the after bridge, up the channel and into Cherbourg, two days late, with this very clever seaman-like arrangement.

Poor old Walton! One October day nearly two years ago he wrote to me that he was going to return some books he had borrowed, and added: "I am going away and may be gone for some time." I wrote back that there was no hurry for the books, never suspecting what he meant. Shortly afterward Carroll Beckwith wrote asking if I knew where he was, and then Mrs. Beckwith wrote to me that he had dined one night with Kendall at the Century Club and seemed well and perfectly normal, but did not say a word about going away—yet the very next day he had written to me. The mystery was sadly solved when his body was found in Sheepshead Bay.

I, with all his friends, was, of course, shocked by this dreary ending for one who, although inclined to be quiet,

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

Painted by Kenyon Cox.

Reproduced through courtesy of Mr. Cox. The study on the easel is a portrait of William M. Chase in an early stage which was afterward very greatly changed.

retiring, and solitary, and in later years lived almost as a recluse in his studio, had many friends in the world of painters and writers. He was both a painter and a writer, perhaps not great, but he had the genius of originality and the courage to make use of it. His life-size portrait, painted many years ago, before he carried a Van Dyck beard, by Beckwith, his old friend and atelier companion, with his palette and a palm, was shown in a memorial exhibition held at the Century Club in New York. His collected work shown there made a deep impression on those who saw it, many who probably never heard of him must have been amazed at the fanciful and poetic quality of his imagination—and many must have found difficulty in understanding his aim. Miss Louise Simmons sent the following to *The American Art News:*

WILLIAM WALTON

Good friend and true and noblest of thy kind,
We are the band of mourners left behind,
To chant, in broken cadences, thy dirge.
O may a gladlier song arise to purge
Our hearts of bitterness! Thy memory
Of comradeship enjoyed must ever be
Our solace. Nay, what though thy brush and pen
No longer bear their messages to men?
The message of thy soul is higher still.
Shy spirit, rest thee quietly until
We meet again. Would we might learn of thee—
Thy kindly ways, thy matchless loyalty!
In God's own sunshine, far from wind and wave,
We lay the laurel on thy new-made grave.

L. S.

Although he was born the same year as my father we were always congenial companions, even great chums. How he enjoyed the joke, and how heartily he laughed with the others when one night, or rather early morning, at an artist's *cortège allégorique* in Paris, I saved myself from a seductive little bacchante who urged me to dance with her, by putting my arm through his and saying to her, in mock alarm: "*Pas possible, vous voyez, je suis avec papa!*" And she enjoyed the joke as much as anyone.

To be near the grounds and the south side I had a room in the Continental up near the roof, with a little balcony overlooking the gardens of the Tuileries, where one Sunday afternoon during a balloon ascension I saw real *ballons d'essai* sent up before the actual flight in order to learn just how the wind was acting. Here Walton and I often worked together at nights. He and Garnsey for a while had rooms in an old, very staid, and very French hotel in the rue Louis-le-Grand that differed from a pension in that it had a whole concierge to itself and the words *Hôtel Louis-le-Grand* in gold over the great door. Afterward he had a studio over in the Avenue de Saxe, where he did some work on his *L'âme de la Tapisserie*, which showed the figure of a nude woman in a tapestry materializing into a living one as she stepped out of the tapestry hanging on a wall above an old chest. I took a great interest in this and thought that it would be a fine thing but, alas! I think it never got beyond the oil sketch stage.

PORTRAITS DE MES AMIS.

Painted by Lucien Simon. Copyrighted by Carnegie Institute.

André Saglio is standing. The others are Ménard, Cottet, Dauchez, and Edmond Saglio. This canvas which belonged to the Carnegie Institute, here reproduced by permission, was destroyed some years ago in a railroad wreck.

Our first night in Paris he and Garnsey and I dined at Maxim's, where Garnsey got his first glimpse of "straight fronts" and marvelled greatly thereat, and was especially impressed by the novel spectacle of women drinking cocktails at a real bar. One night when I went up to the Louis-le-Grand for them I found there, in rooms adjoining, Frank Millet, who had with him a tall, good-looking fellow, Charles Allerton Coolidge, a disciple of Richardson, who was the architect of the United States pavilion. They had worked late and were changing clothes. As I went in Millet burst out genially, "Hello! Barrie, how are you? We're all going to dinner together." And "what tie shall I wear; what do you think of this one?" as though we had been friends for years instead of having met just twice. The tie was a red one, and, judging by the number of times he afterward wore it, must have been a great favorite. Garnsey reminds me that we, and Robert Reid, the painter, all went off to have a look at and have dinner in the new Élysée-Palace hotel, where, as he writes me in a letter referring to "our halcyon days in Paris," the table d'hôte "with knee-breeched waiters and orchestra obligato was fourteen francs per person, and much patronized by the American aristocracy. We gamins took the nine-franc dinner, *sans* breeches (*sans culottes, mais pas sans côtelettes*), *sans* orchestra, and *sans* millionaires. And after dinner we had coffee in the lounge, served by a coon in Egyptian costume whose Arabic was less than *nil*, and who privately confessed to Millet that he came

'from Norfick, Vaginy, sah, and don't like dese dam fool clothes, nohow.' Ah, Barrie," he ends up, "dem was de happy days, eh?"

I had forgotten all about this evening. One night I gave a party at the Continental, but the dinner I remember best was that one when, after we had all been working late, we sauntered, about nine o'clock, down to a restaurant in a corner of the Palais Royal that Millet claimed used to be a good one, and it was good that night, for Millet made it play up, consulting with the proprietor about the dishes and the wines. After hunger was gone we sat drinking old burgundy, Millet, to the evident delight of the proprietor, insisting on fresh glasses for all with each dusty, crusty bottle, and once sending away one, with its attendant glasses, that was not so smooth as it should be. He kept us interested and merry with jocund stories of his experiences as a war correspondent. He had his dig at me when he said in his jocular way that I was a very decent fellow for a publisher, for they were all knaves; and then told as proof positive of this fact how when the Harpers failed the receivers could not pay him royalties due him, yet had written demanding that Millet pay a charge of three hundred dollars, paid for work not authorized by him done by some literary expert who had revised a manuscript of his Philippine adventures for publication. There was genuine wrath and scorn in his voice as he wound up saying: "And the fellow butchered it!"

FRANÇOIS FLAMENG AND (ABOVE) JOHN SARGENT.

From the painting by Sargent.

I had them come over to my diggings late that night. As we came out of one of the short-cuts on to the rue de Richelieu we passed the house where Molière died. I said we had made some money with the old fellow's works and proposed a cheer; Millet said it seemed only fair and we gave some Hoorays and Vivas opposite his statue in the dark and silent street. At the Continental, as Millet and Walton played billiards, Coolidge and I sat on the divan, and he sang praises of Millet's executive abilities and told of the good work he had done in getting the delayed pavilion ready on time—how he could put his arm over the shoulders of an Italian or French plasterer and spur him on to willing and greater efforts. Coolidge, in appearance and manner, was as different from Millet as day is from night, yet there seemed to be great camaraderie between them; certainly Coolidge then worshipped the ground Millet walked on.

These dinners of the workers together, each man always paying his share, kept up for a while, but as the time for the opening of the exposition got nearer we all got busier and more absorbed in our own affairs, and then many new American faces appeared and there were more functions and evening clothes worn oftener, and things became more formal and we drifted into other habits, so I did not see Millet so often but he always had a cheery word whenever we met in the bustle.

Along with other painters of any importance Millet had been sent the usual circular letter from Philadelphia to his

home at Broadway in Worcestershire asking for permission to reproduce his work, but no response had come. I thought there might be some special reason, such as having given permission to a rival publication, and because of our friendly relations hesitated to embarrass him by asking. But as the time grew shorter I finally had to ask. There was no reason whatever—he had never received any request. He asked me to send him another blank, but in the bustle he forgot all about it. And I learned that the letter to Broadway, short postage, had been refused and wrote him again and he replied:

UNITED STATES PAVILION,
Sunday.

DEAR BARRIE:

Of course I'll sign the paper, didn't I say I would? Cauldwell has been so near out of his mind that I haven't dared approach him yet. Since I paid 2/8 for an underpaid letter and found it an advertisement of a corset manufacturer I have steadily refused all underpaid letters. Wouldn't you?

Do drop in to see me here when you are passing.

The confusion is growing less every day.

Yours very truly,
FRANK MILLET.

He finally sent the authorization, and later wrote from his home in England: "I hope your book will pay like a brewery." The Cauldwell he mentions was the commissioner for the United States exhibit of fine arts who

FRANCIS DAVIS MILLET.

Drawn by George Du Maurier.

seemed to be interested—not financially, I suppose, for his mother was said to be very well off—in the success of an illustrated catalogue of the section and seemed jealous of any other work. He had annoyed me by unkept promises, keeping my photographer out of the section, and other delaying tactics, so to avoid a row I had asked Millet to drop him a hint. Although I had the good will and the assistance of Hobart Nichols, who was the second in command in the American section, no progress was made until in exasperation I told Cauldwell that he was only a public servant, that the paintings were not his private property, that the painters had not surrendered their rights over them, and that my written authorizations to have them reproduced must be recognized. He gave in sulkily after I had finally said I would go to Horace Porter, the ambassador, whom, fortunately, I had met years before, but even then he harassed old Thiebaut, my photograper, in all sorts of petty ways. However, time squares most scores—I happened to be in the section when the international jury came there to do their judging, and Millet, Willy Martens, Edelfelt, Alexander Harrison, and Saint-Gaudens came up and shook hands with me and made pleasant remarks, while none, so far as I could see, noticed Cauldwell.

This day I got an insight as to how medals are awarded to artists at these international expositions. When I took Willy Martens, the Hollander, who, by the way, was born in Java, over to look at a landscape in low tone,

painted by Henry Dearth, a friend of Walton's, who had asked me to do what I could for him, Martens said: "Yes, yes, it begins, but, my dear fellow, your men have not put him on the list for us."

Millet had more the manner and appearance of a business man than that of the popular ideal of an artist—but then Hop. Smith looked like a banker or a broker, so you never can tell. Millet was gay and full of humor and would joke in a kindly, whimsical way when the day's work was over and we were all together at table. He also had his sombre moments. One night as we two were walking home after dinner he fell into a melancholy mood; things were not what they used to be, Paris was not the same, the restaurants were not so good, life of the studios was not what it was in his younger days, the models had degenerated—in place of the piquancy of the past days the girls were now simply gross, the romance had gone out of it, there was not the same air, the same charm about it all. I thought at that time that he was right and that it all must have changed for the worse, and perhaps it has, but I now suspect that it was the heart and mind of Frank Millet that had changed the most.

I found Augustus Saint-Gaudens of a very different type physically, and in characteristics and manner; quite the antithesis of Millet, who was bluff, hearty, genial, and bustling. There seemed to be an air of wistful regret for the past and thoughtfulness for the future about Saint-Gaudens that must have been habit with him. He had

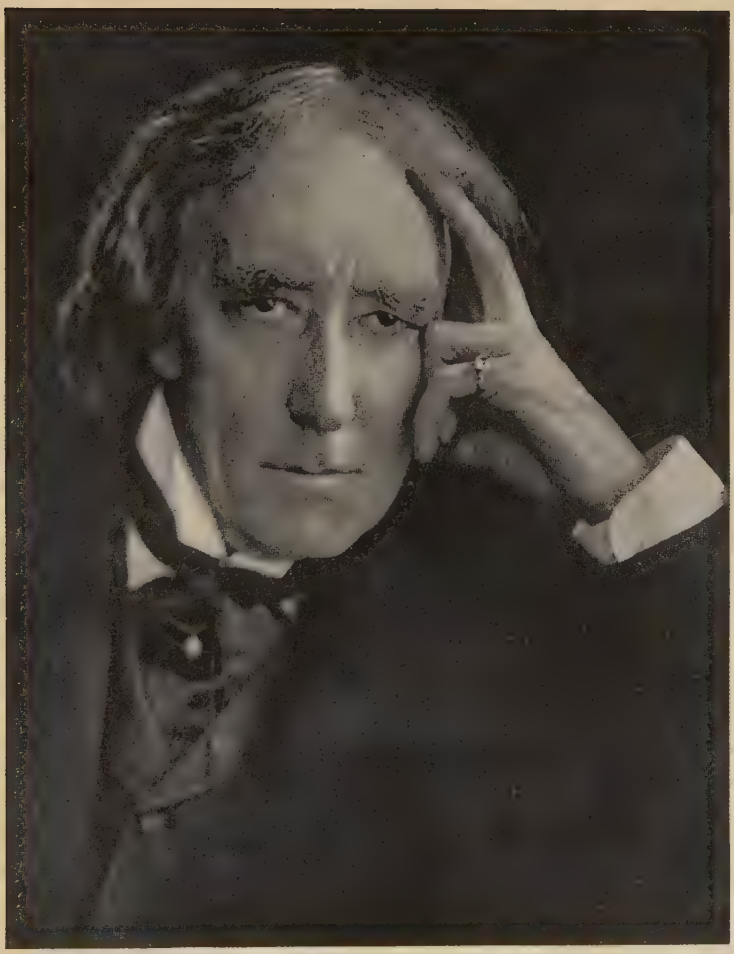
BRIDGEMAN IN HIS STUDIO.

MR. MORGAN IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL BRISTOL.

the same reserve that struck me in John La Farge, but there was strong underlying kindness. I wanted to reproduce the plasters of the Shaw memorial and the Sherman statue in the Grand Palais, and to have them just as good as could be made; so as Millet had told me that the best time to have a satisfactory talk with Saint-Gaudens about them would be in the morning before he started work, I called early one bright morning at the big chantier-like atelier in the rue de Bagneux, a short, sunny widish street only a block long, running between the rue du Cherche-Midi and the rue de Vaugirard, quiet and peaceful for all that it was so near the busy rue de Rennes and the Gare de Montparnasse. He was not busy; in fact gave quite a lot of time to showing me some of his maquettes and sketches that were being packed to go back with him to America. He was slender in body, and a lot of hair and a long straight nose and deep-set eyes made his face seem thin and careworn. His manner was very quiet, almost diffident; and he was most kind. His interest in the proposed plates surprised me and I was still more surprised when he told me that he would like to be present when the negatives were made in order to choose the point of view. I pointed out to him that the photographer could work only early in the morning before people were about, and that it would be very inconvenient for him to have to be on hand then, and suggested that he show me the position he wanted. But he said he would meet me at eight o'clock in the Grand Palais any morning that I would fix.

The morning came and he and my old brigand Thiebaut fraternized together and they got an excellent plate of the *Shaw*, which I was very anxious to have, as to my mind it was the better of the two, indeed, I think it the best of all his work, even the best of all American sculpture. But, alas! they were not able to get a satisfactory one of the *Sherman* because a lot of great packing cases were in the way, and another morning, although I got André Saglio to have some pieces moved, they never got a suitable plate of the *Sherman* alone. Saint-Gaudens was pleased, however, when I finally took one to him which showed it pretty well dominating the whole of the sculpture section; in fact, it shared the honors with Barrias's *Hugo*. I remember being struck by the fact that in seeking for his point of view he seemed to be more interested in the victory than in old Sherman.

André Saglio, son of the conservateur of the Musée Cluny, was a fine example of the young men typical of modern France. Brisk, dashing, courteous, obliging, with a sense of humor, and an ability to get things done were his qualities as I remember him. He liked to have me tell him that he had the American genius for making things move. I liked him immensely and was always grateful to Monsieur Émile Molinier for making us acquainted. It came about in this way. Molinier, who was the conservateur of the Louvre, was also chief of the fine arts section of the exposition and I had to have his consent before any photographing could be done in the



SIR HENRY IRVING.

Grand or Petit Palais, where everything was still in confusion and under lock and key. *His office hours were from 5.45 P.M. to 6 P.M.* I called on him nearly every day for a month during these sacred fifteen minutes, for I was curious to meet the man who had the courage to set such office hours. I never did see him in his office, but when I met him at a function he enjoyed my telling about the many calls. On my third call I had got acquainted with Saglio, who was his chief of staff and the real worker, and who gave me a carte de service so that at once I had the freedom of the galleries, introduced me to all the more important foreign art commissioners, including Count I. Tolstoi, secretary of the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg, and many other interesting persons, and to some of his friends, among them René Menard and Cottet, who, with Lucien Simon and Dauchez, he was firmly convinced were the only younger French masters worthy of mention—and was good-naturedly disgusted that I could not see that his "only" was right. He also introduced me to Lenbach, who in turn introduced me to his daughter, the best looking and most attractive German woman I ever met. Saglio smoothed all my paths and in turn I paid him a very good price for the manuscript of a volume.

Mention of Saglio reminds me of another of several of these beau garçons, as the expressive French has it, that I knew—René Baschet. I first met René and his brother Marcel, the painter, years before at their father's

publishing office in the rue de l'Abbaye, opposite the picturesque old St. Germain-des-Prés. René "arrived" and is now editor-in-chief, or directeur as they put it, of *L'Illustration.* Paul Ollendorf was another of these typical dashing young Frenchmen—richer than the others and known in the greenroom at the Opéra Comique. Still another who comes to mind as being of this type was Maurice de Brunoff, general manager at Lemercier's, a Protestant, of an old Huguenot family, tall, fair, well set-up, with a delightful manner and a politeness most sincere. At the time, when Lemercier's was doing a lot of lithographs for us, and when I saw most of him, he was happily married, prosperous, with an apartment overlooking the gardens of the Luxembourg, and owner of champagne that can only be described as superb. He was a great admirer of J.-J. Tissot and interested in the reproduction of his Biblical pictures. Sad to relate, Maurice lost a great deal of money trying to get the American public to admire them. The last time I saw him he lunched with me at Martin's in New York after he had been over here long enough to learn how little the American public appreciated Tissot and to see how badly things were going, and I could see that he did not face life with the courage of yore.

That June the Circle de la Librarie gave a fête that was very chic: Baschet and Ollendorf, with whom we had a partnership arrangement, were on the entertainment committee and gave me a great evening. They

THE *DANSE HISTORIQUE ET ARTISTIQUE* OF A GENERATION AGO.
(*Louise and Blanche Mante*).

had the Mante sisters in their Directoire dances, and Réjane and Huguenet in a naughty playlet called *Chose Promise* . . . . . ., and a lot of others, and a great collation. Monsieur Fleury, the president, an old friend of my father, introduced me to many interesting men and made me free of the club house. Everyone I knew was in great spirits: Paul Dujardin relaxed, Maurice de Brunoff was even more radiant than usual, and dear old Émile Terquem, who knew absolutely everyone there, was as gay and happy as could be.

Millet's letter with the reference to the skirmish with Cauldwell reminds me that experience has taught me that it is always easier and pleasanter to deal with a really big caliber man than a small one. When I learned from Saglio that there was going to be a collection of British old masters in the British pavilion I called on Spielmann, their commissioner in charge, who was affable and courteous but who told me that I would have to get permission from the owner in each case. In the list which he gave me I saw Hogarth's *Lady's Last Stake*, owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, and Turner's *Nore*, owned by George J. Gould.

I at once wrote to both, but Mr. Morgan had left for Paris before my letter reached New York, and Mr. Gould, when his reply came, said in it that he had already sent permission to the Governor at Philadelphia. I called at the Bristol several times without being able to see Mr. Morgan, but one day about noon I was taken up to the

first floor by a valet who opened the door of a salon, said I would find Mr. Morgan *au fond*, went out, closed the door after him, and left me alone in the room. I was rather surprised, but walked through two long salons and found that the valet's "background" was the third one, at the corner of the place Vendôme, in the far angle of which sat Mr. Morgan, all alone, at a writing table facing a window looking out on the rue de Castiglione. He was sealing a long, formidable looking envelope.

He got up, came forward, shook hands, and said: "How do you do, Mr. Barrie, what can I do for you?"

"We make books in Philadelphia, and—"

He laughed, and said: "Oh! I know very well that you do." I suppose he did, for he had been a very good customer.

"Well," I went on, "We are making one on the exposition and would like to include a plate of your Hogarth."

He then said very firmly but very pleasantly that he didn't care to have it done. I suppose I looked downcast; I certainly felt so, and said that I was disappointed and how important I felt it was that we should have it. So then he consoled me without deeply committing himself by saying: "All right; if the others are willing, I am."

These others were principally British noblemen who had also loaned old masters for the collection. I conquered him by saying it would be a lot easier for me to get their permission if I could show them that my own

countryman had confidence in us. He smiled, thought for a moment, and then said: "Very well! you may do it." And seemed to think the matter was ended.

But I was not out of the woods, and I had to explain to him that Spielmann wouldn't be satisfied with my word alone and that I would have to have a line to him authorizing our photographer to make a negative. He explained that he was busy, as he was going to Aix that night, that he had an engagement just then, but that he would send me a note if I would give him my address. He walked with me to the door into the next salon and said good-by with another smile.

As I walked around the corner to the Continental I became more and more impressed by the simple and very democratic way in which he had received me and the patience he had displayed when I reasoned with him after he had refused. But after déjeuner, when I happened to see him leaving the Bristol, I thought the chances of his remembering to send the note before he left for Aix were very slim; to my delight, however, I found it in my room when I went back at night. My confidence in human nature had had a great tonic. I called the next morning with a note of thanks and was told that he had gone.

I had had a similar experience in Chicago some years before when I went one night to the theatre where Sir Henry Irving was playing *Becket* to try to get permission to make a plate of Sargent's portrait of Ellen Terry as *Lady Macbeth* which belonged to Irving. At the

box office I found Bram Stoker, his manager, who said he would see later what could be done, but that he always liked to see the "house" come in. So I stood with him in the lobby and watched a "good house," with plenty of people in evening dress come in; and Bram was in great, good humor and took me behind the scenes, where I found Irving quiet and simple, and with no evidence of his stage manner, and when the first act was over, I satisfied them that the plate would be satisfactory, and Stoker told me he would get the necessary writing—and he did. And, again, a few years ago I wrote ex-President Taft asking him to write for us and enclosed a cheque; he wrote back saying that he was sorry but he was too busy, that anyhow the cheque was too big, but that he hated to return it because he needed the money; then I went up to New Haven and told him I had helped to elect him and that it was the lion's turn to help the mouse, and after keeping me in his room in the Hotel Taft while the class-day parade went by, he finally said he would try to do it—and he kept his word.

I have drifted across the ocean, and must return to Paris, where, by the way, I feel more at home than in New Haven. Paris, during the summer of 1900, was so full of Americans and English that it seemed almost to have lost its characteristics as a French city, and in the march of time even the Latin Quarter seemed then to have become more sedate and conventional, perhaps because I and the men I knew had become older, and

R. B. *E. B.* *Mrs. Cooper.*

MASTERPIECE BY COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER DONE AT CHANTILLY.

probably because, as I had now a little more change in my pocket, I lunched and dined oftener at Foyot's than at the old Phares de l'Ouest or Lavenue. Even Lavenue's would take on an almost aristocratic air when the immaculate Harrison came around from his studio. Of course, there were still Strang, the Scot, and Johnny Flanagan, the American, and a few others to be found in talk after dinner in the little back room there, but the bloom was off the rose. Besides, summer was coming on and the quartier is not so interesting then as in winter, for all the painters who can get away go to the sea or country.

By and by my wife came over and I deserted the old haunts without a pang, and after she had had a look around we were glad to get away from the hot and crowded city to Normandy and England and to Jersey, where we saw the Lily, in a sunbonnet at the door of her little stone cottage, prettier, and perhaps happier, than she had ever been on the stage. But I had to be back in Paris again to keep an eye on the exposition and my workmen and, above all, on the jury. So we returned to the rue Boccador, and except for again occasionally trying the old Lapérouse and having duck à la presse and purée of potatoes served to us by the old Ibsen-like proprietor of the Tour d'Argent we saw little of the south side. We found life in the Champs-Élysées district is very much like life in a similar neigborhood in London or New York. Indeed, a Rip van Winkle waking up now after a ten-year nap inside the Ritz in any of the three

cities would find it difficult to say in just which city he was. One could go to Voisin's, or the Café de Paris, or any of the non-priced carte places and find a different air, but the novelty of such places soon wears off. We had days "off" at Saint-Germain, on the banks of the Marne, at Marly, at Compiègne and Pierrefonds, and at Chantilly with its fascinating maison de Silvie, where we met our old friend Colin Campbell Cooper, the painter, and his wife a-bicycling through the beau-pays of France.

As a rule, however, we lived the same sort of more or less quiet life that the other seventy thousand Americans who make their home in Paris have settled down to. To be sure, we heard Mary Garden in her first season of *Louise*, and saw the silent *L'Enfant Prodigue* and the other novelties at the theatres, and tried every restaurant of any interest that we had ever heard of, even again, for the sake of the early days, the Café Anglais, now, alack! gone to seed, but were very, very glad when the great day, near the end of summer, drew near and we were invited in the name of the president to assist at the Distribution Solennelle des Récompenses, which we attended, and sat just behind Jean-Léon Gérôme in his dark-green costume with the gold embroidery of a member of the Institute, and knew, for Paul Ollendorf had already whispered it to me, that we had got the Grand Prix *and* a gold medal.

Then, armed with our invitation to the fête, we again drove to the Élysée—this time to shake hands with

THE "*DISTRIBUTION SOLONELLE DES RÉCOMPENSES.*"

Monsieur and Madame Loubet in the beautiful garden. The brilliant audience was itself a spectacle. There were many ballets, and Javanese, Japanese, Cingalese, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and even Egyptian dances, and music by Roumanian tziganes, and Sada Yacco and her company of Japanese gave the *Ghesha et la Chevalier* and, as an extra, not on the programme, there was Cléo de Merode with the Cambodian dancers. Best of all, in the twilight as we strolled about the lawn under the great trees after the shows were all over, the band of the Garde Republicaine played the national airs of the guests, and when they had played ours we scampered off to dinner and to celebrate—happiest of all with the thought that soon we could go home to America.

I was back in Paris in the winter of 1908, and again with my wife, daughters, and boy in the summer of 1911, when Jean Terquem, whom I had held on my knee when he was a tot and who had splashed me in the sea at Cabourg, gave us a dinner in bosquet No. 1 at the Pavillon d'Armenonville. Poor Jean: he, who was so gay and full of life that evening, died nearly three years ago, at the head of his company in the battle of the Marne. Other old friends in France, England, and Scotland are gone; when I think of them it seems as though these lands could never again be the same to me.

MANY, ALAS! NOW GONE.

XI

INDIAN SUMMER

Lucky for me that, like Izaak Walton, "I write not to get money, but for pleasure," otherwise the cupboard now would be bare indeed if my bread depended on what I can recall of the later years; for my early note- and scrap-books,—my pigmy Pepys and puny Boswell with their hints to recall the past,—that have carried me up to 1900 as I have scribbled these pages while playing invalid, now have their revenge for being thrown aside, and the half empty pages of the last one mock at me. And I am left without even old letters to help keep me ahead of the compositor and printer now close at my heels, for these were destroyed as age made me more careless.

It does not really matter, to my reader, or even to me. The earlier years, as must happen with most of us, are those we are most inclined to look back on with interest and pleasure, for distance, of course, lends enchantment and usually only the good things are recalled. At any rate, as I glance back over these pages I am reminded

of old Septimus Winner, whose mind, when he gave me lessons on the violin, used invariably, before the lesson was half over, to drift into reminiscences of the days of his youth and he would spend the best part of the hour telling me how he came to compose *Listen to the Mocking Bird!*—and in playing it in every sort of variation. Like him, and perhaps with his repetition of variations, and like the painters with their love reverting to their early sketches, these earlier days have here interested me much more than those of middle life, spent mostly at home and at work—that middle age so often without a history, which, like the nations without one, may perhaps after all really have been the happiest.

Besides, like the little house we lived in when newly married, which was so small that I couldn't get into it the cask of Bordeaux I had ordered from France,—and had to send it to my father's cellar,—I find that all I had hoped to put into my little book will not go there. Life is so full of "multitudinous affairs that prevent," as Grover Cleveland once wrote to me when I asked him to write for us, that I see I must end here; for after filling a hundred foolscap pages and with years yet to cover,—and almost well again and my need of amusing myself gone, —I find that although I might go on and tell how, in Paris, I saved a director of a great Chicago corporation from a golden-haired vampire; or tell why the long arm of the Kaiser did not, as the newspapers in black scare-heads claimed, reach from his palace at Potsdam over to

H. L. S. *G. B., Jr.*

MY *ALTER EGO* AND HIS *FIDUS ACHATES.*

our office in Walnut Street to prevent the publication of the memoirs of a dame du palais, one Ursula, Countess of Eppinghoven; or tell the secret of the Marquise de Fontenoy, or such gossip, nothing would be gained, for I see more clearly than ever that Emerson was right, and that, after all, what I have here is nothing but the framework of a life with little or nothing in it of the emotions that every human being experiences. Nothing of the joys,—as when my three children, like avions from the sky, made safe landings on earth. Or of great grief, as when my mother died. Or even of the petty mishaps of life, as when I was nominated chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur by the Ministère du Commerce as a reward for what we had done to introduce French art and letters into America—but never wore the red ribbon because Monsieur Cambon at Washington demurred as I was the junior in the firm, and although the Governor generously sent over a protest and an "abdication" to Monsieur Mollard, the minister of foreign affairs, the matter slept, was forgotten, and died in his *bureau*. Or of mistakes made, as when I declined a perhaps greater honor —and was sorry afterward. Or of characteristics, such as the fact that the coat I wear was made by the very same tailor who made my first pair of long trousers, the shoes came from the man who used to sell them to me when I was a schoolboy, that my few dollars are still kept in the bank where I put my first ones. Or of great friendships, as that with my brother George,—"Jarge,"—who has

made a large part of this cruise of life with me, who has for years been my *alter ego*, and who must know my soul better than I do myself.

At times I find myself these fine, late spring days thinking of Mitchell and his farm at Edgewood. The which, so my wife says, is a sure sign of old age coming on. And so it may be, or perhaps it is a return to youth —I really cannot decide which. And in this mood I have thoughts of again taking up rose-growing, and there is a growing resolution to reread the *Bucolics* and Dean Hole. And finally I find myself wishing that I might, like Gilbert White, of Selborne, or some of the placid fellows of his ilk, be

> Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
> Hours, days, and years slide soft away.

Well, after the *sturm und drang*, after the fight has been fought, after the cares, after the disappointments that must come, sooner or later to everyone, when our little ship that set out so briskly on the voyage of life has sailed gaily through the spring of childhood, through the summer of youth, and has passed safely, but perhaps a little battered through the equinoctials of the 'forties, according to my almanac of life the Indian Summer should be at hand. In this happy season, before the winter gales of dark days and death set in, I find myself inclined to loaf, that is mentally, as in the warm, hazy ones of that second summer, to sit in the setting sun of life and take

count of the harvest of riches of memory that thieves cannot steal or the severest buffets of adversity destroy.

These last few pages of my chronicle of small beer will be false if they give the impression that, like Frank Millet, I find the world changing for the worse, or that I am in the habit of singing the old popular song: *Nothing is Like it Used to Be!* Nothing would be farther from the truth, for although after thirty years I still have the cart and even the tandem harness in the loft of my garage I know I will never again drive it, a-courting, down Broadway—or anywhere else. Or again come home from the bal masqué as the milk-carts are rattling up the rue Boccador; or circumnavigate Long Island or do other foolish things in small cutters; or on old *Blunderbuss* munch sandwiches behind coverts on wintry fox-hunting mornings. Or, indeed, do any of the many things that need youth or energy to enjoy, for much as everyone looks back with longing eyes to the youth which is the time for such follies, we all know, as the immortal R. L. S. said when the Oise carried him, in the *Arethusa*, away from the young ladies of Origny, that there is no turning back on the stream of life.

I suppose just such thoughts as these must come to everyone along in the 'fifties—when there is danger of drifting into a sentimental poetic sadness or into a sort of tender melancholy. Millions must thus be living in their past. It is one of the privileges of the old, and one that the young can't enjoy—and don't need to, for they

look forward. Thank God! there is a lot of truth in the old platitude that age has its compensations. Greatest of all, as has been discovered by billions before and will be discovered by billions after me; daughters and a son. There is still our love of the sea, and we can, like a Darby and Joan, enjoy placidly pottering about in small craft, free from the crew cares of the eighty-ton yawl. Then there is the poor man's joy of reading that, like Gibbon, I would not barter for the wealth of the Indies. And in this Indian Summer as I look back I find myself thankful that I lived in my age, which now seems to me to have been a particularly good one, and glad and contented when I recall how pleasant a place the world at peace was as I found it, and, at times—as hope eternally will rise in the human breast—even hopeful of once more seeing France, nobler even and as gay and sunny as it was when I first went there *only* thirty years ago.

For it does seem but a short time ago. The little French verse is right—life is brief, and the time, sooner or later, always comes when we must, with the best possible grace we can summon, at last say *Bonsoir!*

OLD *"BLUNDERBUSS."*

CRUISES

MAINLY IN THE BAY OF THE CHESAPEAKE

BY

ROBERT BARRIE and GEORGE BARRIE, JR.

"Fourteen little sketches written by two men who clearly know how to get the most of marine life along shore. They set forth their adventures in an easy unpretentious style that brings readers close to the scenes described . . . there is also a quality of enthusiasm about it that is an inspiration to every one to indulge in yachting. . . . The authors have done a service by showing at close range things of historical interest along and near the Chesapeake Bay, and in addition have set forth, perhaps more clearly than any one else, the pleasure to be obtained in cruising along the coast of our own country."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

"This fascinating narrative will come to every lover of the sea like a whiff from the briny itself."—*The Herald, Boston.*

"Good reading for yachtsmen, indeed for any man or woman who loves the sea. The authors, experienced and ardent yachtsmen, have managed to convey by the printed page a full measure of the charm of cruising . . . exceptional among books of its kind."—*The Boston Globe.*

"All these sketches are full of the true boatman's love of his boat and of the water, and the authors' enjoyment of the sport gives them a go and a liveliness that make for the reader's entertainment, whether or not he be a boatman, too."—*The Times, New York.*

"There is a good deal of antiquarian and historical information, with details of the people and land."—*The Publishers' Weekly, New York.*

"A companionable book . . . these cruises have a refreshing tang of the salt air in them. . . . The Barrie brothers have caught and conveyed to their readers some of the subtle and compelling influence that broods over the rivers, creeks, and inlets."—*The Evening Telegraph, Philadelphia.*

"A delightfully discursive book, with an elusive but grateful literary flavor."—*The Press, Philadelphia.*

"Point and pith in the authors' breezy descriptions."—*The North American, Philadelphia.*

"Will do much to make the beauties of Chesapeake Bay known. The writers evidently know the Bay with an intimacy undreamed of, perhaps, by members of the Maryland Yacht Club."—*The Sun, Baltimore.*

"All lovers of boating will enjoy these pleasant sketches. The authors are good observers, skilled story-tellers, and pleasant companions."—*The Daily Picayune, New Orleans.*

"An easy, sprightly, ingenious style."—*The Record-Herald, Chicago.*

"Much that is attractive . . . written in an easy familiar style."—*The Post, Chicago.*

"Sketches of yachting life by two enthusiasts who love the water and know how to enjoy a boat."—*The Inter-Ocean, Chicago.*

"Have that wonderful quality of enthusiasm that carries the reader along with the writer . . . breezy, cheerful, bright, sunny, and should delight all those who love the open air."—*The Journal, Chicago.*

"Much pleasant reading in it."—*The Plain-Dealer, Cleveland.*

"A collection of wonderfully absorbing tales giving a good deal of historical information."—*The Marine Journal, New York.*

"Has proved the best reading we have blundered across in many a day . . . fills one with envy . . . an easy and familiar narrative. We advise all those who love a good yarn and a good ship to read the book."—*Yachting, New York.*

"Very pleasantly written, these cruises do not pretend to yachting in the sense of the word that means to many people only large vessels, large crews, and much luxury."—*The Field, London.*

"An interesting book, pleasant reading to lovers of the sea."—*The Motor Boat, London.*

"Readers will remember those interesting logs, not only for their value as records of cruises, but also for the many items of gossip and history concerning the wonderful coastline passed. They give delightful thumbnail sketches of those American people one seldom hears about, but which constitute a very strong factor in the country and its social life."—*The Yachting Monthly, London.*

"A book of much originality and cleverness . . . long cruises, the descriptions of which they make so interesting indeed, and the whole of which they treat with so much sportsman-like and seaman-like freshness and skill. These excellent descriptions are most fascinating impressions of inexhaustible profusion, invaluable, and never to be forgotten. Both the Barries are sportsmen par excellence . . . the pleasure of reading is decidedly increased by the large number of exquisite pictures."—*Allegemeine Sport-Zeitung, Vienna.*

"Charmante et intéressant ouvrage."—*Le Yacht, Paris.*

Octavo, 276 Pages, with 96 Illustrations and Chart, $2.00

THE FRANKLIN PRESS

1310 Sansom Street Philadelphia, Pa.